

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE week is garnished with a first-class defalcation—in the Phoenix Bank of this city, involving a large number of accomplices, a suicide, and an exposure of private immorality suited to the most corrupt taste; a first-class accident—the culpable collision of two steamers on Lake Huron, by which the *Pencobic* was sunk in five minutes, and nearly a hundred lives sacrificed; and a first-class failure, unless there be really a chance that it is not a failure—that of the Atlantic Cable, which, according to our latest intelligence, had been visited with a third total loss of insulation, at the end of twelve hundred miles. That the other defects have been repaired, however, still affords ground for hope.

The Union State Convention of Maine was held at Portland on the 10th. Its resolutions were clear and outspoken. They assert it to be the duty of Government to hold the rebellious States under provisional rule, so long as they cannot be safely trusted with the power of a free republic, and to demand as conditions of reconstruction the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, the removal of all disabilities on account of color, and perfect equality secured to all. They urge the punishment of the Confederate civil and military authorities, and before all Jefferson Davis, for the crime of treason. They recommend an amendment of the Constitution to make the representation to Congress equal and uniform. They declare the national honor pledged to confer on the people of color in fact as well as in name all the political rights of freedom. On the first ballot for Governor, Gov. Cony, the present incumbent, received 553 out of 564 votes, and was then unanimously nominated.

CERTAIN citizens of Oberlin have addressed a letter to Gen. J. D. Cox, the Union candidate for Governor of Ohio. They enquire, feeling somewhat afraid of a reply in the negative, whether he is in favor of amending the State Constitution by striking from it the word "white," and of giving the freedmen the privilege of suffrage. The very long letter which they elicit may be summed up briefly enough. The General believes that there is an insurmountable antagonism of races at the South, and that the only hope of a homogeneous population there lies in colonizing the blacks in a territory carved out of Florida, Georgia, and one or two adjacent States. This he would organize as a dependency of the United States analogous to our Western Territories, allowing full political privileges to the inhabitants. He thinks that thus the people of color will be enabled to develop their capacity to the utmost,

and no longer be as at the North lawyers without a brief, or doctors without a patient. To tolerate the present commingling of blacks and whites he conceives to be the preservation of confusion, which the bestowal of the ballot upon the former would but make worse confounded.

A GANG of ruffians in Greenwich, Conn., on the night of Saturday week, attacked the house of a peaceful and respectable colored citizen named Davenport, for the purpose of outraging the persons of himself and wife, who happens to be a white woman. This marriage took place some two years ago, but the parties were obliged to retire to this city until the prejudices roused by the occurrence should be allayed. A few weeks ago they returned, and the riotous demonstration followed. It was headed by a notorious blackguard and dangerous character, who had worn the army blue without honoring it, and was a worthy member of the "Hellfire Club." The attempt of the mob to intimidate the inmates of the house was seconded by an onslaught with various missiles. They persisted, against the warnings of Davenport's aged mother, and she fired twice at them with an old-fashioned blunderbuss. The returned soldier fell, not undeservedly, and his supporters fled. Davenport was duly arrested, a coroner's jury empanelled, and a verdict of "justifiable homicide" correctly rendered. The prisoner was, of course, discharged. The most extraordinary part of the whole proceeding was the remarks addressed to Davenport by two of the jurymen, after their verdict had been announced. A Mr. Philander Button, deacon of the Congregational Church, instead of branding with infamy the disturbers of the peace, reproached their intended victim for marrying a white woman. This he conceived to be "doing a great wrong to the community." To be sure, it was not forbidden by law, but it was a great impropriety, and tended "to excite the strong disapprobation of citizens." As a friend, he advised Davenport to leave the town. While he stayed, he should be protected as he just had been, but he would be in danger, and had better go. He would not ask Davenport to abandon his wife; unfortunately that could be effected only through the laws of divorce. He acquitted him and his mother of all blame in this matter, but thought him deserving of severe censure for his behavior in other respects. Dr. Hoyt said ditto to Deacon Button, and was shocked to find that the prisoner seemed to glory in the act of self-defence by which a fellow-creature had been slain. "We must," he added, speaking for the jury, "by the usages of society and the laws of decency, disapprove of your life." The inhabitants of the town, however, think themselves well delivered of Ludlam Chard, and appear to have lost no particle of their former respect for Davenport, who is a sober and worthy man. Nevertheless he has prudently left Greenwich again, and, as a sad termination of the affair, his father has gone insane. We hear of no prosecution of the cowardly offenders.

GOVERNOR PARSONS, of Alabama, has issued an address to the people of that State, providing for the appointment of State officials, and the restoration of the civil authority. He is emphatic in his acknowledgment that "there are no more slaves in Alabama," and that "the Slave Code is a dead letter," and that "they who were once slaves must be governed by the laws of Alabama as free men." The address is in most ways unexceptionable, but the loyal Alabamians are, nevertheless, not satisfied. We have received a letter from a captain of the First Alabama (Union) Cavalry, now in Montgomery, in which he says:

"President Johnson has unjustly appointed an out-and-out rebel as Governor of Alabama (that is not the only State so served, either). Gov. Parsons, of Alabama, introduced a bill into the Legislature of that

State, while a member under the Confederate régime, to outlaw every Alabamian who enlisted in the Federal Army, striking at twelve hundred men of my regiment. Now he is appointed Governor under Federal authority, and that regiment reports to him. Many of the officers, including Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Spencer and myself, immediately mustered out, refusing to serve any longer.

"We go home to live under laws approved and enforced by a man whom we have been fighting for four years."

MR. STANTON recently authorized a statement to be made that he had, since Lee's surrender, sent 790,000 men to their homes from the Government employ. On being asked how many remained, he answered that the close of the war found 1,000,000 in the service. It is hard to say which is more remarkable, the skill and energy displayed in raising, organizing, clothing, and feeding such enormous hosts, or the skill and promptness displayed in breaking and scattering them. And in what other nation could such a host have been disbanded without communicating even a tremor to the body politic?

THREE or four hundred soldiers paraded the streets of New York on Friday last in procession, to let the world know that they were in want of employment, and that the public was not dealing fairly with them. Considering the object they had in view, they cut a sorry figure; for, as far as we could see, they were all well dressed and able-bodied. The fact is, that many of these gentlemen are a little over particular about the kind of situation they will take, and display an unreasonable fondness for city life. Anywhere out of New York they can find work in abundance, and it is scarcely fair to blame the merchants here for the overcrowding of the labor market in this particular spot wrought by the laborers themselves. The shocking condition in which so large a proportion of the poorer classes live, is two-thirds due to their dislike of the country.

It is difficult to keep pace with the numerous official and unofficial reports of the condition of the freedmen. The municipal authorities of Washington have evaded a law of Congress directing them to provide for the education of the blacks at the Capital. The Eastern Shore of Virginia has lost in the course of the war two-thirds of its able-bodied black men and one-fourth of their women and children. The capable men who remain are earning ten dollars a month, with board and lodging, as farm hands, and are hired by the year. Nobody could believe, without unquestionable evidence, that the attack of the colored on the white railroad laborers at Acquia Creek, on the night of August 1, was wanton and unprovoked. The latest version of the affray traces the difficulty to an altercation between a negro and a white man, in which the former met firmly the threats and intimidation of the latter. The gang of whites conspired to seize and flog the negro, which they did unmercifully. The black gang undertook to avenge their comrade. An examination has resulted in sending the ex-Confederate soldiers, for such they were, to the chain-gang of Petersburg, imprisoning the superintendent who encouraged them, and reinstating the black laborers. In Stafford County a slaveholder named Allsop attempted to retain his slaves by force, until compelled by the military to set them free. The potency of the President's Proclamation *ab initio*—a point to which we alluded in our last—is to be tried in the person of John Minor Botts. He has refused to pay the wages of a negro servant whom he owned and held up to the time of Lee's surrender, though the slave had abundant opportunities to escape. An interesting case has just been decided at Norfolk. A colored woman sues for her hire as a cook since the occupation of the city by the United States troops, May 10, 1862. Defendants assert that she did not comply with the bond, and that the relation of master and slave had been so disturbed by the presence of the military that they were unable to compel her labor. Plaintiff denies that the status of the colored people was changed until the date of the Proclamation, and even then Norfolk was specially excepted from its operation. As no proof was adduced of a failure to comply with the bond, the verdict was given in the woman's favor. The hostile feeling between whites and blacks is said to be abating in Norfolk. At Fortress Monroe the Freedmen's Bureau of the

district recently disposed of grain, lumber, and cotton, the products of the freed people, amounting to upwards of \$15,000. Renewed abuse of the colored people has broken out in Richmond, so as even to elicit from them a petition to Gen. Terry. The colored men are forming a Loyal League, which is likely to be a numerous body. The colored schools in Richmond have closed for the season. From North Carolina we have more stories of violence, including the murder of four colored men in a manner that strongly recalls the worst enormities of the border-ruffians in Kansas. Some conflict has arisen between the civil and military authorities in regard to jurisdiction, with the usual result. The disarming of the negroes under an old State law has been stopped. In the interior of South Carolina the contract system is making some headway, and, as an experiment, is moderately successful; unless supported by troops, it would be nullified by the bad faith of the planters. The black colonists of the islands are doing well, as ever. Gen. Canby has informed the persecuting whites of Louisiana that the enforcement of State and local laws which discriminate against the people of color will not be permitted, and that the United States courts alone have jurisdiction in respect to the latter. Every county in Mississippi has now some officer of the Freedmen's Bureau. More than 10,000 contracts have been signed and registered by more than 50,000 freedmen. The crops look well, and the laborers are industrious. Not a dozen freedmen west of Little Rock, Arkansas, are receiving aid from Government, but all are self-supporting. Gen. Swayne writes from Mobile in high praise of the behavior of the freedmen of that city. They are subjected to the ill-will of the rabble, and to extortions by the city authorities. Gen. Fisk exposes the unnecessary distribution of rations to the people in his district, and calls for a reform. He has already cut off all "professional" refugees. The present system is promotive of ignorance, idleness, and crime. A case of downright bad faith—a three-fold breaking of contracts—on the part of an ex-slaveholder, has been brought before the court of the Freedmen's Bureau, in Nashville. Kentucky has furnished 28,818 black troops to the national army. They are all retained in the service, and a part have been sent to Texas. 24,000 women and children have been freed by their enlistment, under the law of Congress. The war has freed altogether 100,000 persons in Kentucky.

ANOTHER Southern bishop manifests scruples about praying for the President while military rule is exerted in his diocese. Bishop Green, of Mississippi, charges the clergy under him to await the restoration of the civil authority before they pray for the head of the nation. Like Bishop Wilmer, he hopes that the Church North and South will be kept as distinct as they have been made by the rebellion.

THE only three Provisional Governors who are acquitted of all complicity with rebellion, are those of Florida, Texas, and Tennessee. Gov. Marvin, of the first named State, has undoubtedly the easiest task before him. He has been preceded and is supported by a judicious military rule, and the people are submitting quietly to the social revolution. His appointments are said to be discriminating, and not all in favor of a reaction. Gov. Hamilton, of Texas, is one who was expelled for his loyalty from the district to which he returns a potentate. He made a speech soon after his arrival in Galveston, elaborately contravening the doctrine of secession. In a proclamation issued from that city on the 25th of July, he announces the registration of the loyal as preliminary to any election, and lays down the oath which must be taken. The convention to be assembled will be empowered to alter and amend the present Constitution of the State, or frame a new one—an important alternative, which we do not remember to have seen suggested by any other governor. The absolute, irrevocable destruction of slavery is dwelt upon. "The negroes are not only free," says Gov. Hamilton, "but I beg to assure my fellow-citizens that the Government will protect them in their freedom." How much is meant by a subsequent sentence we will not venture to predict:

"Candor compels me to say to the people of Texas that if in the action of the proposed convention the negro is characterized or treated as less than a freeman, our senators and representatives will in vain seek admission to the halls of Congress."



It may be remarked here that there is no mention of color or reference to State laws in the qualifications required of voters. Gov. Brownlow can congratulate himself on the orderly conduct of the Tennessee election of the 3d, even if only four loyal candidates out of eight were chosen to represent the State in Congress. Horace Maynard is one of these. Emerson Etheridge was defeated.

THE Kentucky election on the 7th resulted in the choice of at least five of the nine Union nominees for Congress, Rousseau defeating Mallory in the fifth district. Louisville showed what can be accomplished even in a slave State by a press from which the gags have been taken off. The city gave a handsome majority for Rousseau, and elected all her candidates to the State Legislature who were favorable to the Amendment. The Union party has overcome the pro-slavery majority of the last election, but it is doubtful if the Amendment will be ratified.

THE White House has been condemned as a summer residence, from the experience of the present and a long series of years. A Presidential mansion is to be selected on Georgetown Heights.

GEN. THOMAS said at Elmira, on the 10th, that "Maximilian would have to get out of Mexico, or we would hurry him out. The Monroe Doctrine must be enforced." We hope he had some better reason for this undertaking than that "we are now in a condition to hold our own against the world." It is easier to hold our own than to hold somebody else's.

WADE HAMPTON, who was one of the most determined of the soldiers who served under Gen. Lee, has written a letter to the editor of a Southern journal, in which he warmly urges all rebels not to think of leaving their country, but to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. This, he says, is the course which he intends himself to pursue. As no one is so weak as to believe that Mr. Hampton has become a loyalist, or that he has changed his political opinions in any respect, it would not be difficult, even had he been silent on the subject, to guess his motive of action. What that motive is he frankly states. He looks to a renewal of the old struggle in the Union. Having done his worst for slavery as a soldier in rebellion, he submits to the decision of arms, and purposes, not to accept the issue as final, and behave like a man of peace, but to fight as hard as ever he fought, but with the weapons that are adapted to political warfare. He is not without hope that the cause lost on the field may be retrieved at the polls. Knowing the country well, he is aware that "a united South" would hold out great inducements to a party in the North to come to its aid. Should the South become as one community, and the colored population remain disfranchised, it would be sure to regain its ancient position, could it prevail upon even less than a fourth part of the North to coalesce with it as firmly as they did in 1856. But it would much lessen the prospect of the South becoming united, were many of the disbanded rebels to leave the United States in disgust, either for Mexico, or Brazil, or any other country. Hence Mr. Hampton earnestly advises them to give up all thoughts of emigration, and to trust to the future and to the Democracy for bringing about the return of better days—that is, better days for the country's enemies, but decidedly worse days for the country. How far his ideas of restoration extend we have no positive means of ascertaining, but judging from the well known character and opinions of the man, we think we do not go too far when we say that probably he looks to the restoration of even slavery itself. There is nothing new in this. Partisans of a restoration are the most extreme of extremists. The hottest of liberal radicals is a man of ice compared to them. There were men in the first Parliament of Charles II. who would have restored even the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court; and it is not quite fifty years since *la Chambre Introuvable* would have restored the old monarchy in France, including the Bastille and *lettres de cachet*. We think it is Lamartine, himself a royalist of those days, who describes that chamber as being "like another France dug out of the ruins and the ashes left by invasion." We do not believe it would be possible to

elect a Congress in the United States that would closely resemble the French Chamber of Deputies that met immediately after the second Restoration; but such men as Hampton and those who think with him would think it possible, and their labors would be governed by their belief. The effect would be to keep the country in a state of constant fever. Repose would be unknown. A new revolution would eventually take place. The struggle between parties would be not unlike to that which characterized French politics from 1815 to 1830. The Revolution of July was an effort on the part of the thinking men of the French nation to get rid of rulers who were determined that there should be no quiet in their country until it should consent to resume its old chains. We should have a similar struggle here, and the second rising against the slaveocracy would be fatal to them, unless they should chance to be victorious. The contest would have to be fought under flags that should indicate that no quarter could be granted by the victors.

ONE hardly knows whether to rejoice or to be amused at the honors now paid at the South to Labor, that hitherto much abused and despised divinity. The New Orleans *Picayune* says the demoralization of the negroes of Louisiana has led the whites to take hold vigorously and industriously of the necessary work, and, in consequence, they have produced some of the best crops now growing. The *Southern Cultivator* (of Georgia) shows the advantages that will accrue to the household from the mistress attending to it herself. Her æsthetic sense will no longer be troubled by a shabby row of negro shanties. She will not be responsible for the nurture of babies not her own. There will be no sick to attend to, nor idle and quarrelsome servants to keep busy and peaceable, nor any more cutting-out of "vast piles" of negro clothing. And domestic theft can now be easily traced and fastened upon the delinquent, and, "with the gang of little negroes turned off," there may be some fruit left in the orchard, and perchance some vegetables in the kitchen garden. In town, to be sure, the duties of the mistress will be considerably increased. But then, what a gain it will be to call upon her children for help! We may venture to say, that, for the girls to take care of their own chambers and the family rooms, yea, and even to be required to do it, "will be a life-long benefit to them." More yet: "If they have to pick up and arrange what they have carelessly scattered, to remove the dirt and litter they bring in, they will soon be educated to neat and orderly habits." After this, no wonder that the Lynchburg *Republican* can declare: "Labor is a duty every man owes to himself as well as to the community in which he lives," or quote Carlyle: "Consider how, in the meanest labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work!"

THE sight of a cruel instrument for punishing and preventing run-aways at the South, suggests the importance and historic value of a collection which shall for ever remain a mute yet powerful witness of the horrors of American slavery. The Tower of London might be rivalled in this department. We suggest to Mr. Barnum that he has here a field worthy of his best energies. But he must be active and betimes, for between the self-condemned slaveholder and the emancipated slave the evil vestiges of the late barbarism will fast be destroyed.

STILL further intelligence from South America acquaints us with the sanguinary progress of the war on the Plate River. On the 11th of June a naval engagement took place on the Paraná, near Riachuelo, a short distance below Corrientes. The Paraguayans had a fleet of eight steamers and six floating batteries, carrying forty-seven guns, besides a land battery of thirty guns. The Brazilian fleet consisted of nine steamers with sixty-two guns. The conflict was desperately waged from 9 A.M. till 4 P.M., the Paraguayans making the attack and being terribly defeated. Only four of their steamers withdrew. Their land forces, however, have been more successful. The army which was threatening Rio Grande crossed the Uruguay below San Borja in the face of slight opposition, and afterwards entered that place, which was abandoned by its garrison. The army invading Corrientes has been largely reinforced, and it seems doubtful if the Argentine commander,

Gen. Urquiza, can check it. President Flores, of Uruguay, had arrived at Buenos Ayres with three battalions on his way to the field.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE has arrived in England. The friends of Bishop Colenso presented him with £3,330 on the eve of his setting out for Natal. It is rumored that Lord Palmerston will retire from office before the new Parliament assembles. Prussia is agitated with questions of free speech and free meetings. The working-men of Berlin have provided for a monster gathering to assert the latter right. The proposed banquet to the liberal deputies at Cologne was broken up by the military on the 22d. On the following day the members were reunited at Oberlahnstein, and were not interfered with till near the close of their proceedings, when the hotel was cleared and some arrests are reported to have been made. The cholera still infests the Mediterranean. Malta has suffered to an alarming extent, and by non-intercourse is now more than ever isolated. Spain has been invaded.

It appears by the English emigration returns, that seven persons out of ten of those who leave British soil come to the United States. This is the strongest testimony that could possibly be offered of the general security and prosperity enjoyed in this country—evidence which no other kind of statistics could possibly refute. There are immense tracts of fertile waste land in Turkey, Russia, and the Danubian provinces, but who thinks of emigrating to those countries?

Four men have at last lost their lives in making the descent of the Matterhorn, and as one nearly lost his life last year, it is to be hoped that the "Alpine Club" will now subside for a while. The practice which Ruskin stigmatizes of using the Alps as "a greased pole" for young men to exhibit their dexterity upon has had a fair run, and neither the health nor character of the English youth is at all likely to suffer by their confining themselves during the next few years to the safer peaks and passes.

It was one of the grievances of the old order of things in this country, that colored seamen from the North were detained in jail as long as their vessels tarried in many if not all of the Southern ports. Samuel Hoar was expelled from Carolina for attempting to contest the legality of this regulation, in behalf of certain citizens of Massachusetts who had been unjustly restrained by it of their liberty. Nor was any other effort to obtain redress effectual. We learn that complaints against the same iniquitous practice in Cuba have been laid before the French marine and colonial minister. In a circular to the chambers of commerce, dated June 30, he says that he is informed from the French consulate at Havana that the measure complained of is a general one, and has been often protested against to the Spanish authorities, without success. There is, however, a way to avoid the rigor of the law. Captains can retain their colored seamen on board by giving bonds, which are never exacted in money, the affidavit of the consignee being accepted instead. We hope, if any case shall arise involving the rights of a colored citizen of this country, that our protest will be vigorous enough to be respected. The world has got beyond being bullied by a slaveholding aristocracy, whether its head be in Richmond or Madrid.

An immense Saengerfest has been held at Dresden, beginning on the 22d of July. More than fifteen thousand singers congregated there from all parts of Germany, besides representatives from the societies of London, Paris, Lyons, St. Petersburg, and New York. Each society had its banner in the grand procession, where more than a thousand of them waved together. At the concert given on Sunday, the King and Queen of Saxony, several princesses of the imperial family, and many ministers were present. When the performance was over, the seats were converted into tables, and the rest of the evening was spent in drinking toasts and making speeches.

An international agreement was signed at Geneva on the 22d of August, 1864, and ratified at Berne on the 22d of June last by the repre-

sentatives of France, Baden, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, Prussia, and Switzerland. The preamble sets forth the desire of the powers in convention to mitigate, as far as may be, the evils inseparable from war, to suppress useless rigors, and to ameliorate the lot of wounded soldiers on the field of battle. Ten articles follow, guaranteeing the neutrality of military hospitals and ambulances, so long as they contain either sick or wounded, and remain unguarded by a military force; also, of all those persons legitimately connected with them during the exercise of their functions. In case of occupation by the enemy, these persons may continue to discharge their duty under neutral protection, or may rejoin the forces to which they belong, at their option. If they prefer the latter course, they shall be forwarded to the enemy's outposts by the army of occupation. The property of hospitals remains subject to the laws of war, but those who withdraw from them shall retain their private property. Ambulances will be entirely released. The inhabitants of the country who shall bear succor to the wounded shall be respected as neutrals, and shall be so forewarned by the generals on either side; and whatever house receives a wounded soldier shall have in him a safeguard, nor shall any troops be quartered upon it, nor any war-tax exacted of it. The sick and wounded shall be collected and cared for without regard to their nationality, and commanders-in-chief may forward to the enemy's outposts his wounded during the conflict, when circumstances permit and both parties consent. Those who, upon recovery, are found to be incapable of service shall be returned to their country, and the remainder on condition that they will not take up arms while the war lasts. Evacuations, and the persons directing them, shall be covered by an absolute neutrality. A distinctive and uniform flag shall be adopted for hospitals, ambulances, and evacuations, to be accompanied in all cases by the national standard. An armlet will also be admissible to protect the neutrality of persons, but the bestowal of it shall be left to the military authorities. The flag and armlet will bear a red cross on a white field. The details of the execution of this agreement shall be left to the commanders of the belligerents, subject to the instructions of their respective governments. Other powers are invited to join those who have already contracted. Great Britain, Sweden and Norway, Greece, and the Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, have already signified officially their adhesion. Portugal, Hesse, and Wirtemberg only await certain necessary formalities before following suit. No doubt our own country will make haste to do the same. The Government acted constantly throughout the war in the spirit of this beneficent agreement.

PRIOLEAU, the partner in Liverpool of Trenholm, the late rebel Secretary of the Treasury, holds the bills of lading of a quantity of cotton consigned to him by the rebel government in its last hours, to be disposed of on its account. The cotton has arrived in Liverpool; he is out of pocket in consequence of his dealings with the "young nation" to the tune of £20,000, and consequently he holds on to it. The United States Government, as the legal owner of the effects of the Confederacy, has moved in Chancery for an order to restrain him from disposing of the cotton or bills of lading, and the cause was argued July 26, before the Vice-Chancellor. His decision is a curious one, but as it decides nothing, the order being simply interlocutory, there is not much to be said about it that would interest anybody but a lawyer. He holds that although the United States take the property of the defunct government, they take it subject to its contracts; and he has therefore allowed Prioleau to hold the cotton, as security for his debt, until the hearing two months hence.

THE length of the Mont Cenis Tunnel will be 12,200 metres. At the close of last year 4,083 metres, or a good third of the whole, had been pierced from both ends. To this has been added, between January first and June tenth of the present year, 654 metres. The boring machines are now greatly retarded by encountering a stratum of granite and quartz. This had been accurately predicted by M. Sismonda and other geologists, who assigned 2,000 metres as its probable distance from the exterior of the mountain. M. Sommeiller (who is evidently no sleeper) meets with it after advancing 2,090 metres.



Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### THE PUBLIC DEBT.—REDUCTION OF CURRENCY.

THE recent statement from the Treasury put at rest, quite suddenly, the wide-spread predictions of embarrassment which followed the closing up of the last 7.30 per cent. loan. It was said that the borrowing power of the Secretary was at an end until the meeting of Congress; that his wants through the ensuing four months would be great; and that nothing short of "forced loans" or discreditable postponements would save the Treasury from bankruptcy. So confidently were these rumors assumed as facts, that in at least one instance the opposition press in this city urgently advised the President to call Congress together, insinuating at the same time that he could do nothing else to save the public finances. There was more said of even a less charitable nature. The public debt was represented as having grown so rapidly since the termination of hostilities that the Secretary dare not make his statement to the country. The idea that he could control or command the money market to his "necessities" through the fall months was sneered at as something altogether out of the question. Even some of the leading spirits of the New York bank parlor were casting about—and we are not sure but a few of them still indulge the fancy—to see how and when they could serve Mr. McCulloch, expecting very soon, of course, to be called upon, and be sought, like old Trabois, in the "Fortunes of Nigel," to "come down" with a small loan "for a consideration!"

It is not within our present purpose to notice all the "plans" of the bank "accommodation" which were supposed to be in embryo near the close of July, though some of them would, perhaps, be amusing enough to the financial if not the general reader. That they have not been matured, or, if matured, asked for by the Secretary, is one among many proofs that the official statement of July 31 is a surprise, and in more senses than one.

The condition of the Treasury established the fact that the Secretary is master of the situation. His debt was swollen by the sudden heavy requisitions made after the close of hostilities to pay off a disbanded and disbanding army and navy, of course, but not to the extent by one or two hundred millions which the wild and (some of them) wicked rumors had given out. The total for two months had been increased only \$122,000,000, and his requisitions had been paid off almost to the last dollar. The remnant of claims in the Department, awaiting the proper audit or proper receipt, was less than sixteen millions, and he had one hundred and sixteen millions in his till, of which thirty-five millions were in gold. He had not used his power (which, by-the-way, is unlimited) to issue certificates of indebtedness as rapidly as he had paid off the old certificates maturing in the sixty days by twenty millions of dollars. The outstanding total of this class of paper had been reduced in the course of his five months' administration of the Treasury nearly one hundred millions, and to a point one hundred and fifty millions below the maximum of last November, on the eve of the meeting of Congress. It is also found since the statement appeared that the internal revenues of the Government are bringing into the Treasury from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 per month in currency, and the customs revenue from \$11,000,000 to \$14,000,000 per month in gold. From the last named source alone it is calculated that he could derive seventy millions in currency, if need be, from the sale of his surplus customs at any time before the 1st November, and yet leave a balance of \$18,000,000 or \$20,000,000 in gold, and the whole of the November customs, for the half-yearly coupons to be presented in the course of that month on the 5-20 loans.

It is thus seen that the ways and means for the four months to come are as ample as the progress of the public debt, and the prompt liquidation of the claims growing out of the close of hostilities is signally gratifying. In round numbers, the Secretary's cash balance to begin with

is over a hundred millions, gold and currency, while the revenues for the four months should be, and we have no reason to doubt will be, over one hundred millions in currency and fifty millions in gold to the first week in December, when Congress will convene, while in addition to his power to employ new certificates to meet any deficiency, he has some unexhausted remnants of old loans, amounting in the aggregate, perhaps, to eighty millions, of which over half is authorized in compound legal tender notes. We do not know that he will resort to any of these balances. We are almost sure he will not increase, but rather seek gradually to diminish, his interest-bearing legal tenders. This will probably be his first step looking to a contraction of the currency. He has the assured ability to do so, by his present independent command of the money market, so far as his own finances are or were supposed to be dependent upon it; and while we look for nothing rash or precipitate from Mr. McCulloch, we believe he has the purpose to set about the gradual but certain contraction of the currency in the direction referred to.

Such a policy might check speculations in gold and railway stocks and in the commodities of the corn exchange, but it would conserve, if not advance, the public stocks of the Government. The real credit of these stocks undoubtedly rests, and their market value should rest, on the thorough soundness and security of the public finances, and not on the mere fact that the interest is paid in gold, and made by the high price of gold more valuable for the time than most other sources of income. While, therefore, the real or substantive attraction to these stocks is their solidity and security as an emanation of the public faith, amply backed by taxation, every holder should feel, as most of them did after the battle of Gettysburg in 1863, and after Lee's surrender last spring, that his bond is more valuable to him, and its credit a greater source of pride, with gold at 120 or 130, than while speculation, on the pretext of a redundant legal tender currency, holds it firm between 140 and 150 per cent. in the midst of peace.

The war loans of the Government were popularized from the start, with a very few unimportant exceptions. They were placed directly among the people, without sacrifice to the Government. They were subscribed for at par, and are still held for the most part, and will continue to be held, irrespective of the contingencies of ordinary speculation, whether on the stock or gold exchange. It is not too much to assume that they will rise in credit with the gradual fall in the volume of what is now played upon by speculation as a redundant Government currency.

The public debt, having passed through the fiery trials of the war against rebellion at the South and the menaces and misrepresentations of a discontented opposition at the North, seeking, through the Presidential canvass of 1864, to seize the reins of government, is now being rapidly cleared up for the peace establishment. Its assumed total of three thousand millions has ceased to be a terror to the loyal masses, as it was made to appear in the whirl of party politics and vicious gold gambling last fall. It has almost ceased to furnish aid to the demagogue and comfort to the disaffected. It is found that the burthen is not too great to be borne, in its amplest measure, nor too unwieldy to be diminished, year by year, by taxation and the development of the taxable resources, until the close of the next decade shall find the principal less than two thousand millions and the rate of interest no greater than five per cent. Beyond that period we shall not undertake to forecast the movement of our so-called war debt, which, even at its maximum, is less by a thousand millions than the war debt of Great Britain after the general peace of 1815. The difference in population and resources between Great Britain then and the United States now we need not comment upon. It is sufficient to know that we are as able to bear the burthen of interest, and even more solicitous to set about liquidating the principal. The cause, in which both debts were incurred was too sacred for the thought of repudiation, even if our burthen were greater than it is, and the instincts of both peoples too honest as well as too practical and persevering to halt by the way under any discouragement. Such is the experience of the British debt for the past fifty years; such, we are assured, will be the experience of the public debt of the United States for the next fifty years, should it be suffered so long to remain unpaid, which we are far from believing.

## INDIAN BLOOD.

DEACON BUTTON's remonstrance addressed to the negro in Connecticut the other day for not letting himself be mobbed quietly for having married a white woman, suggests some enquiry as to the reason why the intermarriage of negroes and whites should be popularly considered so very outrageous, and even criminal, while the intermarriage of whites and Indians is considered either not blameworthy at all, or only an offence against taste. For Mr. Button, it must not be forgotten, is simply a specimen of a large class, and when he blurted out his sermon to Davenport, he simply expressed at an unfortunate time a feeling which is entertained by thousands of the same mental calibre, though more reticent than himself. If Davenport had been an Indian, Mr. Button would probably have said his say in his behalf, in his stupid way, as heartily as anybody, and been just as indignant over the attack on his domestic quiet as the more intelligent and Christian members of the community have been.

Now, why are the Buttons of the country less horrified by matrimonial alliances between whites and Indians than between whites and negroes? Or, to put the question more strongly, as well as more correctly, why is it considered not only no disgrace, but something to be boasted of, for a white man or woman to have Indian blood in his or her veins? Why do a large number of very respectable families throughout the country mention this as one of their genealogical claims to respect? Why is it that if one of Mr. Button's ancestors had married a squaw, he (the present Button) would probably mention the fact with a chuckle, and neither see in it, nor expect you to see in it, any impropriety beyond what might arise from the squaw's want of familiarity with the usages of genteel Caucasian society?

It must not be forgotten that as between the personal appearance of the Indian and the African, according to our notion of beauty, there is really either nothing to choose, or the negro has decidedly the advantage. The long-faced, eagle-nosed, gentlemanly-looking ragamuffin who figures as the "Indian warrior" in illustrated editions of Cooper, we need hardly say, has never been found anywhere else. The "stern reality" was always a flat-nosed, high-cheek-boned, low-browed, large-mouthed, heavy-jawed, villanous, and stupid-looking person. In mere expression, that most important attribute of the human countenance, there has probably never been an Indian who could be compared to two-thirds of the American negroes. The Indian, as we find him, and have always found him, wears two looks, neither of which is matrimonially prepossessing—the one of utter vacuity, the other of devilish ferocity. Most negroes, on the contrary, who have ever been relieved from the bestial drudgery of the plantation, have faces which, if homely in outline, at least light up, if not with high intelligence, with social instinct and sympathy.

In character it is difficult to rate the Indian too low. There is no proof that he ever raised himself above the condition of a hunter, and all attempts made to civilize the race by influences brought to bear from without, have proved such utter failures as to lead many to doubt whether it is capable of civilization at all—the very worst charge that can be brought against a race. He has lived for ages in the same condition, or, in fact, a rather worse one, than the tribes in the interior of Africa. The arts in which he has excelled are those in which all savages excel. He has displayed considerable skill and courage as a fighter, but his mode of warfare has always been of a kind for which the civilized world has little esteem. Of the possession of soldierly qualities, in the civilized sense of the term—amenability to discipline, sense of the value of subordination, mutual confidence, self-forgetfulness—he has never given any proof. His personal habits are dirty, his whole appearance revolting, and the defects of the race are, as usual, more marked in the women than in the men. Yet to have sprung from the loins of a cut-throat of this sort is actually considered to this day by the Buttons of America as, if not a feather in their cap, at least nothing to be ashamed of. The negro, on the other hand, even if we take him as his enemies describe him, has always had in this country a social value far beyond any that has ever been assigned to the Indian. He has proved himself capable, if not of the highest order of cultivation, of a very high degree of civilization. He has founded and carried on more than one political organization, which, even if imitative, is in every way respecta-

ble. He has filled most of the humbler spheres amongst ourselves with efficiency and credit. He was in the last century in nearly all the States a citizen. He is singularly facile in temperament, and takes what is called polish of exterior with remarkable readiness. His countenance is pleasing, even when ugly, and he has proved himself, in this country at least, as capable as large numbers of the whites of comprehending and acting upon the leading social and political ideas of the age. And he has submitted on the battle-field, both in our service and in that of other countries, to that supreme test of soldiership—standing in line or advancing under fire on open ground—with complete success—a test to which we venture to say no Indians were ever exposed or could be got to submit.

That there are objections to intermarriage between whites and negroes we freely admit, and it is not a part of our present purpose to examine them; but there is not one of them which may not be urged with equal force against intermarriage between whites and Indians. On moral and political, psychological and physiological, grounds, as well as on grounds of taste, there is just as much to be said against one as the other. Not that the Buttons ever go so far into the matter as this. Their objection to negro marriage is simply one of feeling. The word "nigger" contains in it something that inspires loathing, they cannot very well tell why; the word Indian does not.

The fact that so many negroes have been slaves will not account for this preference for the Indian. Men of other races have been enslaved without damaging the matrimonial prospects of their descendants, or making alliances with them seem an ineffaceable disgrace. The real ground of the preference amongst the Button genus, we think, is to be found in the greater ferocity of the Indian, and if it be the true one, it furnishes a curious commentary on what is called Christian civilization. Attempts to enslave, mob, rob, or maltreat Indians, they have generally met by cutting the throats of the perpetrators, and dashing out the brains of their children on the first favorable opportunity, while the negroes have usually submitted, if not peaceably, without much show of resistance. If the spirit of Christianity in practice pervaded our thoughts and feelings, and exercised as much influence on our judgment as it does in theory, this, instead of lowering the negro in our estimation, would have raised him. As it is, not only has it destroyed all respect for his rights, but it actually so completely blunts the moral perception of an ordinary man, that a Congregational deacon is led to consider his marrying a white woman of his own rank in life a good reason for depriving him of the protection of the laws.

The evil suggests the remedy. Instead of advising Davenport to leave Greenwich, which we believe he has been compelled to do, we should advise him and all others like him to stay where they please, and cause it to be clearly understood that attempts to commit violence on their persons and property would be repelled by force. Unless the negro can manage to infuse into his composition a little more of that strong feeling of resentment for injuries received which the Indian has in excess, and which nevertheless has atoned for most of his crimes, and made Caucasians consider him a good match, and which in the moderate and reasonable degree in which it is found in the Anglo-Saxon communities is really the foundation of social order—the basis on which governments rest and must rest—the work of elevating him will be greatly increased. No government can put a policeman behind every man's chair or at the head of his bed. The work of maintaining order and protecting private rights is done in the main in all communities by the thorough understanding which prevails that most men will defend life and limb, house and wife and children, with the first weapon that comes to hand. Flogging and knocking down at the South will never entirely cease as long as there are men who will submit to be flogged and knocked down. And there will always be Buttons who will lecture blacks for defending their homes against marauders, as long as there are not more blacks ready, like Davenport's mother, to shoot people who attempt to break their houses open and to murder or mob them.

## PROBABLE EFFECTS OF SOUTHERN FREE LABOR ON NORTHERN INDUSTRY.

It has become evident that among the great changes which must result from the late war will be changes in the relative industry of the different sections and in the channels of trade. Some of these changes



will have been hastened by, but cannot be wholly attributed to, the war.

To begin with New England. A few years since, New England had a large population which was engaged in general farming—in the cultivation of large farms. The families of the farmers furnished operatives for the factories, the daughters constituting the larger proportion of the weavers in both the cotton and the woollen mills. But for many years it has become evident that New England must yield to the West in the cultivation of all the great staples of food, reserving only the raising of stock, of wool, and of the hay crop, occupations requiring but few hands. The farming population decreases in number, and this decrease will be vastly stimulated by the knowledge of other sections of the country gained by the New England soldiers. At the same time, the demand for skilled labor in printing-offices, in book-binding, and in the immense amount of work done by the sewing-machine, has gradually withdrawn American girls from the factories to these better paid and more independent branches. This change has been greatly stimulated by the war demand for clothing and material, and it seems probable that such has been the increase of population, and the consequent increase of demand upon those whose business it is to put the textile and other fabrics into a form for use, that even in times of peace all the females who have been thus employed will continue to be.

The factories are therefore obliged to change from a set of workers drawn from the surrounding country, to family help not living in boarding-houses but occupying separate tenements, men, women, and children all employed in the mill—a resident population, skilled in the operations to which they have been brought up, but in nothing else. There are material advantages in this system to the employer, but great dangers to the community. Such a population is almost exclusively foreign, and consequently ignorant. Much of the mill work being within the ability of children even as young as eight, the tendency of ignorant parents is to force the child into the mill rather than to send him to school. And even a conscientious employer cannot resist this tendency, for while factory laborers are scarce, he cannot refuse to employ the child, because he would lose the parents. Thus in Rhode Island, where there is the largest amount of factory work in proportion to the population, and the system of family help has been the longest established, there is the most ignorant population, with a system of open bribery at elections disgraceful to the community. There are laws to compel the attendance of children at school, but little attention is paid to them, and they are not uniform in the different States.

Thus it seems that the tendency of New England will be to a sparse population in the country, engaged in special branches and not in general farming, and to a dense population in cities and towns, largely foreign, employed in extremely subdivided labor, and needing wise and vigorous legislation to prevent ignorance and vice from increasing rapidly. And this tendency, if not actually induced, will have been greatly stimulated by the war. And while there are dangers in this, New England has also the assurance of maintaining her supremacy in manufacturing. The profit in manufacturing in ordinary times consists in the small saving and minute economy rendered possible by having every facility immediately at hand. The cotton or woollen mill in Lawrence can produce goods in ordinary times and undersell the isolated mill in the South or West for three reasons:

1st. Very few spare hands need be kept under pay, a population skilled in all the branches being at call in any emergency.

2d. Every particle of waste in the principal process is used up in some minor branch, either by the same concern or by some other. If a cotton-mill has no paper-maker to purchase the ropes, and bags, and floor-sweepings, and threads, it cannot be run in competition with one that has such a resource.

3d. All the small articles requisite in the main process can be had of those who establish themselves in a manufacturing community, but for which special and expensive workmen must be kept by an isolated mill.

Thus, while a radical and somewhat dangerous tendency affects New England, a change as great and much more desirable must affect the Middle and the Western States. The Eastern soldier, brought up in

boyhood upon a farm, then developed in the mill or the workshop into the skilful artisan, has by his own observation of the South, and by his intimate companionship with the Western soldier, learned the great opening which exists for him, and he will carry to Virginia, to Maryland, Tennessee, and Kentucky the better method of farming pursued in Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania. He will carry to the West the skill of the artisan, to be applied not to the establishment of great factories, but to the thousand smaller branches which are carried on in the workshop and at the forge or lathe. He will establish by natural methods that diversity of employment at the West which is sure to follow individual enterprise and skill, and which is far better than the forced growth induced by protective legislation. And at the South, who can foresee the changes? The Eastern and the Western man, alike attracted by the immense profits sure to follow the application of improved methods of agriculture, must buy out the planter, and give employment to the freedmen, and to the foreign emigrants who will soon be attracted there. He will save the waste, like that of cotton seed, which in the hands of a Yankee would yield value almost equal to the fibre. And as the population thus changes, and new wants are developed, the artisan must follow, the village must begin to have an existence, the city must become one in fact as well as in name.

And this brings us to the influence upon the channels of trade. As population increases, new harbors and centres of commerce must come into use. Any one familiar with the want of facilities now existing in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, from the mere narrowness of the business streets and the crowded condition of their docks, must feel that when the population has increased from thirty to fifty millions, as it soon will, the mere want of room will force commerce first to Baltimore, then to Norfolk, then to Port Royal and elsewhere. And as the freight moving on Southern railroads changes from the coarse and bulky but easily stowed freight of a barbarous slave community to the million articles required by civilized men, new lines of railroad must be built. Between the Southern rivers flowing into the Atlantic, Western freight must find its way to the market. Soon will come the demand for a road from the Ohio River through Cumberland Gap to the noble harbor at Port Royal, and from Galveston north through the fertile country of the Red River, and thence through Arkansas to the Mississippi. But to think upon the future of the South is to become bewildered before the possibility of development such as even the West has not yet given us in her onward course.

#### DIVIDE AND RULE.

AGAINST the policy of allowing the colored people of the South to vote, it is urged that they will vote for their former masters. There could not be a stronger argument in favor of such policy. It is undoubtedly true that slavery was the cause of the rebellion, and yet the rebellion was not the act of the slaveholders as a body; on the contrary, a very large portion of those who could be called planters were utterly opposed to secession, and were dragged into it by the necessity of their position. The ownership of slaves being necessary to position or influence in a slaveholding community, the ambition of every non-slaveholder is to become one. Demagogues and politicians took advantage of this desire "to own a nigger," and used it as an incitement to rebellion, advocating the reopening of the African slave-trade, and holding out the idea that thereby human live stock might become so cheap that even the poor whites could become planters. For many years the planters supported the politicians and the demagogues, never intending that at last they should take the bit in their teeth and drag them to utter destruction. But such has been their fate. They lost the control of the demon they had helped to raise.

Yet very many of these planters have been and are men of ability and intelligence. Many of them have been aware for years that their system was wasteful and destructive to general prosperity, even if they did not think it wrong. The system of which they formed a part was absolutely despotic, even in its rule over themselves, and they have been unwillingly dragged to what seems at first to be their ruin, but is really their opportunity.

As a class the former planters are now without power. A beaten slaveholder, with his slaves emancipated, must be entirely without

prestige among the non-slaveholding whites, and the latter will be left to be led by demagogues as before. We know them to be ignorant and embittered, and that they will continue to be so until Northern settlers shall have proved to them the superiority of free institutions. At the beginning they must elect to Congress a delegation which will be a unit for all purposes of dangerous legislation, and as such, although a minority, their delegation will be powerful for evil.

If, on the other hand, we grant the franchise to the blacks, and they shall vote to some extent for their former masters, and elect them to Congress, what class of men shall we thereby get into Congress? Only those whose humanity was superior to the infernal system which encircled and has apparently ruined them. We shall have the ablest men of the South—men who, still possessing property in land, will have a positive interest in the prosperity of the whole country—men who will be the first to see that free labor is the true interest of the South, who can rejoice at, and who will foster, the prosperity of the country, knowing that their own prosperity depends on that of the whole. We shall have men whose minds will have been educated, even if to this time educated under the limits of a bad system—men who can reason logically, and who have proved their power of guiding a community well by the very power they have exhibited by guiding the South so long in a wrong direction. We may expect the most honest converts to free labor among those who have been the most successful in conducting slave labor.

But the chief benefit will be that the dangerous unity of the South as a section will be broken. Parties will thereafter arrange themselves upon what may be called national divisions and no longer upon sectional ones.

For instance, in past times Louisiana has been for protection because of her sugar interest, while South Carolina was for free trade; yet on all Southern questions Louisiana and South Carolina were knit by bands of iron. But in the future it may be that Louisiana sugar-planters will be chosen to Congress by the votes of their slaves, for the very nature of sugar-planting required humane treatment and plenty of good food, while any one familiar with the culture of cotton on the worn-out lands of South Carolina, and the necessarily scanty supply of food and clothing to the negroes, will have little dread of South Carolina planters appearing in Congress by negro votes. The representatives of South Carolina will be of the demagogue order for some time to come. Then by the force of a common interest in protection, Louisiana may unite with Pennsylvania, while the only State with which South Carolina can claim any fellow-feeling must be New Jersey—at any rate, until New Jersey emerges from the darkness of ignorance, and ratifies the Constitutional Amendment.

#### AMERICANS AND MONEY.

THE fighting being over, many of those European critics who during the last four years have been troubled by our bloodthirstiness now begin to be troubled once more by our love of money—the American devotion to the “almighty dollar.” Those foreigners who are friendly to us, while they do not deny that these charges are just, excuse our faults on the ground that they exist from the necessity of the case. “What have Americans to worship but money?” they ask. “There is no peerage in America, no society, no high honor for any high pursuit, no literature—nothing but politics, which ‘the best men’ shun. Hence their energies must be directed to acquisition, and no wonder that they love what they labor so hard to acquire. By-and-bye, when America shall have become very rich, Americans will enjoy what their predecessors accumulated, and there will be careers opened to all kinds of talent, and American life will be as various as that of other civilized countries.” The excuse is as foolish as the charge is unfounded. We do not mean to say that Americans do not love money, or to deny that often they seek it shamelessly, recklessly, and knavishly; but it is not the fact that these are peculiarly American characteristics. The love of money that is here displayed, and the wickedness that is exhibited in modes of acquisition, belong to human nature and not to American nature. That desire for wealth which is here so general, and which converts so many men into rogues, belongs neither to this country nor to this age. It is common to all countries, and it was felt in the earliest

times of which we have any knowledge. The classic Greeks, who used to be models, and whose literature furnished and yet furnishes the intellectual food on which Christian youth are chiefly fed, were the greediest of acquirers, and would have sold their souls for money had there been any party ready to buy them. The Spartans, whose heads and hearts were as hard as their iron currency, loved gold like so many misers, and could be bought at cheaper rates than any other men in Greece. The Romans, those models of patriotism and valor, loved gold even more than they loved blood, and much preferred picking an enemy's pockets to cutting his throat. The Roman, it has been bitterly but truly said, “who would have died for his country, could not help thrusting his hands into her pockets.” There never was a people who excelled the Romans in all the arts of money-getting. The English are not a bad people, but they are mammon-worshippers from the highest to the lowest of their number. Even Sir Philip Sidney, who is held to have been the very incarnation of all noble sentiment, thought of going on a gold-hunting expedition, which, had he carried out his design, would probably have been neither better nor worse than that voyage on which Sir Francis Drake went round the world, plundering “as he sailed”—the Kidd of an earlier day. Algernon Sidney took the gold of Louis the Fourteenth. Such men as Marlborough and Wellington were rewarded with gold, and they deserved all that was given to them; but it ill becomes their countrymen to taunt Americans with being a money-loving race when the history of Washington is known to the world. America was well able to bestow a fortune on Washington, who was by no means a rich man when he left the presidency; but he would have considered himself insulted had he been asked to accept a sum of money, or a pension, or a sinecure. Was there ever a more greedy, rapacious, close-fisted body of men than Napoleon and his marshals, who plundered whom they conquered with as much skill and as few scruples as ever were displayed by the princes and marshals of the old régime? The French, who are ordinarily spoken of as being peculiarly a chivalrous people, and whose language has furnished so many of chivalry's terms, are a money-loving, a money-getting, and a money-saving race. We may add that the times of chivalry were the reverse of generous, and that the knights of those days would hold on to a pound of silver with as much tenacity as Shylock persisted in his demand for a pound of Antonio's flesh.

The late Mr. Cooper, who was not in the habit of sparing the faults of his living countrymen, never would admit that, as compared with other peoples, they were a money-loving race. He pointed to the great numbers of Americans who embark in politics—notoriously not a profitable pursuit—as evidence of their not being wedded to mere acquisition of money. He was right. There is no country in which money will accomplish so little as it will accomplish here. It would be easy to purchase ten Frenchmen, or five Englishmen, where it would be difficult to purchase one American. Foreigners themselves virtually admit this, for they bring against this country another charge, one that contradicts their assertion that we are given up to mammon-worship. They say that property is not safe here, and that men of ample means cannot live in the United States as they wish to live, but have to go abroad for freedom and enjoyment. The two charges cannot both be true. If the first were true, rich men would have their own way in every respect, and would live as they please. If the last, then we do not worship money, but persecute its possessors. Neither is well founded. We have the failing that is common to humanity, and set a very high value upon money, but as an agent, and not as something that is peculiarly desirable in itself; and there is no country in which the rich are more safe than they are here, none in which “the dangerous classes” have so little influence, because, out of one or two large cities, they have scarcely an existence. Rich men do not live here as wealthy Jews and Christians once lived in Mohammedan countries—meanly, because afraid of tempting their enemies to plunder them. As to their visits to foreign countries, they are made on pretty much the same principle that Englishmen used to make the grand tour, and which yet tempts so many of them to all parts of the world. They are made to gratify a laudable curiosity by some, and by others they are made at the dictates of fashion. A rich and educated American has the same desire to visit Italy and Greece, France and Spain, and other countries of continental Europe, that is felt by a rich and educated



Englishman; and he visits England, in most instances, because it is the mother-land of his country, in which every American must feel an interest, if he be not a churl. Some of them extend their travels to Asia, and particularly to Palestine, so attractive a country to all Christians. The thing is very simple, and has nothing to do with our social state, American tourists not being exiles. American travellers are few in comparison with English travellers. There are whole colonies of English people settled at different places on the continent of Europe, to which, as Thackeray says, "they take all their prejudices and all their sauces." Are we to infer that in England persons of property cannot live according to their tastes, and that property is there so unsafe that its holders transfer it and themselves to those orderly lands, France and Flanders, Italy and Germany?

### THE PRITCHARD CASE.

We used to flatter ourselves that poisoning was an obsolete institution, belonging emphatically, like alchemy and astrology, to the Middle Ages. Especially was it regarded as eminently an un-English practice. When we read that, in Mantua, it was "death to any he that uttered" the deadly drops that Romeo asked for, or when we saw Lucretia Borgia on the lyric scene commend wine of the celebrated Borgia brand to the lips of her insulters, whereby they incontinently made a swan-like ending, we congratulated ourselves that this venefical turn was limited to the Latin races, and was foreign to Anglo-Saxon blood. To be sure, the fair Frances Howard, Countess of Essex and Somerset, did put a stop to the impertinent prying of Sir Thomas Overbury into her private affairs by a craftily qualified potion. And the charming Miss Blandy, about the middle of the last century, made an example of a perverse and disobedient father who objected to her marriage with Captain Cranstoun, by a like composing draught. And "Donellan, of bad renown," gave his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, a dose of laurel-water as the readiest way of settling some family money matters. But these were rather exceptional cases that proved the general rule. When Wainwright, the poisoner, whom Charles Lamb knew so well, and whose crimes are set forth at large by Talfourd in his *Life*, claimed the insurance on the life of one of his victims, and was opposed on the ground of foul play, the judge on the bench was so horror-stricken at the hypothesis that he caused the jury to reject it. And when Bulwer thought it worth his while to write a romance, with the moral that it would be improper in the courteous reader to resort to poison to rid himself of unpleasant relatives and disagreeable connections, it was thought an odd use to put his genius to.

Within the last few years, however, there have been proven cases enough to show that men are not much better in the nineteenth century and in England than they were in Italy in the thirteenth; that "succession powder" is not yet out of date nor "poisoning" one of the lost arts. The instances of Palmer, the surgeon, who poisoned his friend Cook with strychnine for his money, and who was hanged, though no traces of the drug could be detected in the dead man; and that of the fair Madeline Smith who did to death, in cruel agonies, her worthless lover, who threatened to expose her love-letters if she broke off her connection with him to marry an honest man, must be fresh in every one's memory. This last dangerous damsel, indeed, escaped the gallows by means of the Scotch verdict "Not proven," though there was not the slightest moral doubt of her guilt. And now the cup of horrors is crowned by the double poisoning committed by Dr. Pritchard, of Glasgow, a regularly educated physician and surgeon, who expiated his crimes on the 28th of last month. This case has excited an interest throughout Great Britain not inferior to that caused here by the murder of Dr. Parkman by Dr. Webster, from the social position of the criminal and the good general character he had maintained among his acquaintances.

The strangeness of the murders lay chiefly in the want of apparent motive to provoke them. This exemplary physician had been for a considerable time engaged in poisoning his wife gradually by small doses of antimony. In February her mother came to visit her in consequence of the illness thus induced. She dies suddenly, and unquestion-

ably of poison, as the autopsy proved. Early in March Mrs. Pritchard dies also, under circumstances which excited enough suspicion to demand an investigation, the result of which was to cause the arrest and trial of her husband. The proof on the trial was overwhelming against him. No one could have administered the doses excepting himself or an ignorant servant-girl of seventeen. The scientific precision with which they were exhibited made this last hypothesis absurd. The money which was to pass in consequence of these deaths was too inconsiderable to make it worth while to procure them. That he had illicit connection with the servant-maid was admitted, and that he had promised to marry her in case his wife died. But that he should seriously intend doing so, under these circumstances, is hardly to be credited. It was shown that Mrs. Pritchard was cognizant of this intrigue, and the only conceivable object her husband could have for getting her out of the way was to be rid of the observation and perhaps the reproaches of the injured wife. And the same reason may have operated to incite to the murder of her mother. It was a curious chapter in the metaphysics of murder.

And the conduct of Dr. Pritchard from his arrest until his death has also furnished a study in morbid psychology. Up to the time of the trial, of course, he denied all knowledge of the poisoning, attributing the deaths to natural causes. When his fate was sealed he made what he called a confession, in which, with the desire to make himself out to be less black than he had been proved to be, he showed himself to be a bungler in lying as well as in murder. And this in the face of irrefragable facts. It having been proved beyond question that the poisoning was antimonial, continued through a long time, he confesses that he killed his wife on a sudden impulse, arising from the presence of Mary Macleod, the maid, by giving her an over-dose of chloroform, denying any knowledge of the poisoning of Mrs. Taylor. After that he confessed that he was guilty of this other crime, as well. In fact, the only reason to suspect that the man did *not* commit these crimes must lie in the fact that he said he *did*. So Dr. Webster in his confession admitted that he killed Dr. Parkman, but in a fit of sudden rage, accompanying the statement with a minute detail of the particulars, almost every one of which was demonstrated to have been physically impossible. Liars should have good memories, and recollect that other people have excellent ones. A very remarkable thing connected with this trial was the development of what we must hope to be a morbid case of professional delicacy. Dr. Patterson, who had been called in as consulting physician, swore that he knew from the symptoms of Mrs. Pritchard's case that she was undergoing a process of antimonial poisoning; but that he was prevented by professional etiquette from interfering with Dr. Pritchard's patient! It sounds like a bitter gibe from Molière rather than an extract from a Scotch criminal trial.

We have had but too many instances of this hideous crime in our own country to be able to cast a stone at our mother country as more guilty than we. The poisonings of husbands and wives, of children, of lovers, and on a larger scale, like that at the National Hotel at Washington five or six years ago, are but too fresh in our remembrance; not to mention the sublime conception of poisoning all New York by the infection of the Croton Aqueduct, and the partially accomplished plot to disseminate the virus of the yellow fever, as parts of legitimate warfare, by the rebels. It seems as if this crime, like suicide, were contagious, and that one act suggested another.

But though the science of toxicology has favored the arts of the murderer by its teachings, its very perfection makes them the most dangerous that can be resorted to. So exact is its knowledge of symptoms, so delicate its tests, so certain its perquisitions, that the bowl is a much more dangerous instrument of murder to the murderer than the bullet or the steel. Murder speaks with most miraculous organ through the skill of the anatomist and the chemist. Science, like Divine justice, searches and finds out the poisoner in spite of the most ingenious precautions and devilish craftiness. The dead speak with her voice, and bring the awful secret to light with the most absolute certainty and perfect exactness. The grave cannot hide it, nor corruption hinder it from being brought to light. Of this we shall speak more fully, however, in our next number.

## SLAVERY AND THE SLAVEOCRACY.

THERE is no remark more common than this, that "slavery is dead." In the North it is difficult to find even a Democrat who supposes that that institution which was all-powerful but six years ago is not now in the list of vanished things. At the South most of the Provisional Governors tell their subjects that slavery no longer has an existence; and though there is not so pronounced a unanimity there as we find in the North on this point, it is clear that the general opinion is unfavorable to the revival of that system of labor which was to have been extended over North America, had Southern statesmen been endowed with a larger portion of the wisdom of the serpent. Even the least hopeful of men among liberals can go so far as to say that slavery, if not dead, is doomed to die.

But, while slavery is, taking the least favorable view of affairs, under sentence of death, and there is neither power nor wish to stay the execution of a sentence so just, we ought not to forget that the slaveocracy is not dead or even dangerously ill. That is almost as vigorous as it was before the war, when, through its alliance with a strong party in the North, it was able to rule the republic, and lost its ascendancy only because it became blind through its long success. Prosperity has the same effect on parties and interests that it has on individuals, causing them to see not what exists, but what they would have exist; and the slaveholding ascendancy of 1854-60 committed the same error as that of which Napoleon I. was guilty in 1807-12, when he thought he could dictate law to all Europe. The Emperor overrated his own power, and underrated the resisting power of his foes; and American slaveholders believed themselves irresistible, and their opponents feeble and cowardly, because they never had failed to accomplish any purpose upon which they had set their hearts. They made their Russian campaign in 1860, and that being followed by other reverses of a yet severer character, their fall was apparently complete, and complete it would have been in fact had we not waived our rights as conquerors. Because of the folly into which the victors fell, they may have to make a Waterloo campaign, in which to complete work that would have been better done had it been done earlier.

The slaveocracy exists to-day in almost as much force as it existed before a shot had been exchanged between the parties to our great civil war. True, the secession armies have been defeated, broken up, and dissolved. True, the original leaders in the rebellion have incurred all the disgrace that proceeds from failure in a cause whose advocates were certain of success; and most of those leaders are in their graves, or in prison, or in exile. True, the flower of the Southern adult male population has been cut down and cast into the furnace of war, and there consumed. True, slavery is under the ban, and can no longer claim a legal right to live. But, for all these things, the power that made war in the Union, the "order" of men that decreed the war, "still lives," and hopes to renew the conflict in which it has been worsted under circumstances and conditions that would give it assurance of victory. In one respect the slaveocracy is even stronger than it was before it made its appeal to arms. Its spirit is fiercer and more bitter than it was before the war. In ante-secession times it claimed to be the better class of the nation, and its claim was allowed by the rest of the nation, which permitted it to rule. Its claim being conceded, it never had occasion to doubt the soundness thereof or to feel wounded by resistance. But now it has been not merely resisted, which might have been borne with, but beaten everywhere and forced to lay down its arms. The appeal of battle has gone against it, and it feels as the chivalry of the Middle Ages would have felt had it been "coerced" by the churls who figured in the *Jacquerie*. Absurd as Southern aristocratical pretensions appear to us, we cannot doubt that they existed as strongly as if every Southron had been a genuine Norman. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that all the members of a patrician class must necessarily possess the sentiments, the habits, the manners, and the education of gentlemen, taking this much-abused word in its best modern acceptation. We know that English country gentlemen, who are undoubted aristocrats, were a peculiarly coarse class of men down to a recent period; and Niebuhr correctly remarks that the sentiment of political exclusiveness can exist as strongly under the smock-frock of a

yeoman of Uri as under the velvet mantle of a Venetian nobleman. Our Southern slaveholders that were, and who still retain the slaveholding spirit without keeping the slaves, formed as complete an aristocracy—perhaps it would be better to say oligarchy—as ever existed, though the great majority of their number were vulgar and illiterate fellows, and not much above the "the poor whites" in appearance and attainments. Now, nothing is better established than that an aristocracy does not readily submit to a conqueror. It may be exterminated, but it cannot be made to yield merely because it has failed in a battle, or in a campaign, or in a war. Apparently it may submit, but it does so only to obtain time in which to regain strength, that it may renew the conflict that must be fought out to the destruction of one party or the other. Our aristocrats are not only animated by the general sentiment of their "order," but they are peculiarly enraged by the circumstances of their failure. They have been whipped by Yankees—by men whom they believed incapable of fighting! The knight has been flogged by the peasant, the horse and his rider have gone down before the villain, the Norman has been overthrown by the Saxon! All this may seem sufficiently ridiculous to us, but it is sober reality to that large class of men in the Southern States who ruled America for more than seventy years, and who thought they ruled because of their superiority in every respect that entitles men to govern their inferiors. Had they been beaten by men whom they considered their equals, they might have accepted the event, and have made no attempt to reverse it; but they never will submit to those who are now victors. The fact that never before were they beaten, will dispose them to attribute their reverse to accident, and create the belief that it is their duty to set aside a decision so palpably subversive of the purpose of Providence. We have before us, therefore, a contest that will be quite as difficult as any one of those contests that have agitated the nation, and in all of which we were beaten but one, and that a conflict of armies. It ought to make those men reflect, who anticipate a renewal of political warfare, that we never were successful in political contests, and that our solitary success was wrought, not by the ballot, but by the bayonet. Are we prepared for war on every occasion in which a stubborn aristocracy shall refuse to accept the event of a constitutionally conducted election? For we assume, what indeed is self-evident, that the Southern aristocracy, though beaten as to its late purpose, and baffled as to the occasion, is not destroyed, nor even dispersed. Save that it has lost its slaves, and in that way and for the moment its revenues, it exists to-day almost as strongly as it existed in 1860; and these losses and the spectacle of a great mass of freedmen will have the same effect on it that is produced by recollection of its defeat in the field. They will animate it to those exertions which shall promise to bring about a change and to effect a restoration of its ancient supremacy.

Those who argue that the losses of the South in men will indispose it to such action as might lead to a renewal of civil war, ought to bear in mind that every day's passage weakens the sense of those losses and helps to increase Southern strength. Those males who were boys when the war began are now men, or soon will be men; and sectional feeling is by far the stronger with the young than it is with the middle-aged and the old. As old men die—men who were brought up as Unionists—their places are taken by men who never were Unionists, or who have rid themselves of all Union feeling. The younger the men of the South, the less reason have we to suppose that they will be under the dominion of national sentiment. But, though we think a renewal of war far from impossible, it is against the eventualities of a political conflict that we would have our countrymen on their guard. It is probable that the Southern aristocrats will labor to unite their "section," and then re-form that alliance with the Northern Democracy which formerly they found so useful, and from which they never, for their own sakes, should have departed. A third part of the North combined with the South would suffice to restore that old state of things which was removed by the war, and by that only. We are by no means sure that it would not suffice to restore even slavery, by maintaining that every State has the right to order its own affairs after its own fashion, and that it would be better that the blacks should live in slavery than be exterminated by the action of cruel laws, enacted for the end of removing them from the face of the earth.



## MR. GLADSTONE'S REJECTION

By the University of Oxford ought to be matter for congratulation instead of regret. He has been growing in the grace of liberalism for almost twenty years; but during most of that time he was one of the members of the House of Commons for the University of Oxford—an honorable post, no doubt, and highly so in English estimation, but which operated as a drag on his movements. He was first elected in 1847, and until 1865 Oxford bore with the waywardness, as she must have regarded it, of her brilliant son. His talents did her honor, and she condescended to overlook his political liberalism in consideration of his thoroughgoing attachment to her ecclesiastical sentiments. She allowed him to coquette with the "state" because of his fidelity to the "Church," of which he had been a chosen champion from his youth upward. But this state of things could not be permitted to endure. The bigot in religion must become a bigot in politics, and the remark is peculiarly applicable to corporation bigotry. At the late election Mr. Gathorne Hardy, a promising Tory, or Conservative, was pitted against Mr. Gladstone by those Oxonians who could no longer countenance a gentleman who had said something that approached to an approval of universal suffrage only last year. To be sure Mr. Gladstone had explained away most of his suffrage speech, but the Tories preferred to take what he had said in the heat of the moment to his explanations after he had become cool. They were right, if their object was to ascertain what his opinions were, for he is one of those men who "speak right out" when excited, and then it is that such men are sure to make no secret of their views. Mr. Gladstone had gone so far in the direction of liberalism in 1864, that his avowal of advanced sentiments on the suffrage question at that time would have surprised no intelligent observer of British politics; but it was the last drop that filled the cup of Oxford's objections to him, and caused it to overflow. He could be spared no longer, and he was not spared. Faithful to her ancient standard, that of aristocracy and intolerance, the venerable university refused longer to have him for one of her members of Parliament, and he was compelled to look to South Lancashire for a seat. This was not going so far as Mr. Fox had to go in 1784, when it was thought that he might be beaten in the most famous of Westminster contests, and was brought in for the Orkney and Shetland boroughs, which enabled Mr. Pitt to taunt him with having been forced to take refuge in Ultima Thule, because of the part which he had had in the well-known coalition.

Mr. Gladstone, we have no doubt, feels his failure very bitterly, but the cause of that bitterness is one that very few Americans can understand; and still fewer can sympathize with the mortified statesman. Eminent Englishmen love to represent the university to which they belong. It is considered a very high honor to be chosen one of the representatives of either of the two universities, and correspondingly great is the sense of failure, when, after having long sat for a university, a man of distinction is beaten when he seeks a re-election. When the younger Pitt first came forward for Parliament at the age of twenty-one, in 1780, nothing less than a seat for the University of Cambridge would suit him—a piece of presumption, as it was considered, that was rebuked by his being placed at the bottom of the poll. In 1784 the same university was glad to elect so distinguished a man, placing him at the head of the poll—but then he had become Prime Minister, which made all the difference in the world in the estimation even of university dons. It is almost sixty years since Lord Palmerston made his first attempt to become one of the members for Cambridge, which was his university; but he was beaten by Lord Henry Petty, who died but a year or two since as third Marquis of Lansdowne. A little later Lord Palmerston was chosen one of the Cambridge members, and kept the seat for many years, leaving it because of his support of the Reform Bill. Mr. Peel—he was not then Sir Robert—was one of the members for the University of Oxford when, in 1829, the project of Catholic Emancipation was adopted by the Government in which he was Home Secretary; and as Oxford did not approve of that measure, he resigned his seat, and stood a contest, in which he was beaten by a majority much greater than that by which Mr. Gladstone has been dismissed. The majority against Mr. Peel was 246, that against Mr. Gladstone but 180. Mr. Peel had to buy, from a Jew, the privilege of being chosen for Westbury, his father then sitting for Tamworth.

Though Mr. Gladstone must feel much mortification, what has happened to him is the best thing that could have happened to him. It has unchained him, and he, like a liberated eagle, now can take a full flight toward the sun. It was but yesterday that he was resisting claims of the Dissenters to equality of treatment in the matter of education, and all to soothe his venerable mother, who has closed her breast to him, by way of acknowledging his labors in behalf of her bigotry. But there has come an end to such servility, such slavery, and the statesman can now proceed to round and complete his career as an English statesman of the nineteenth century should round and complete it. If he has half as much wisdom as talent, he will now rejoice over his defeat.

## MISSOURI.

Just before the rebellion, the Free State element in Missouri had begun to develop the resources of the State, and the attention not only of this country but of Europe was being drawn to her wondrous mineral wealth; but the vortex of civil war swallowed up all industrial interests in the Border States, and Missouri had to bide her time. The people, however, have not forgotten the Iron Mountain, situated about a hundred miles from St. Louis, directly south, nor its neighbor, Pilot Knob, made historical during the past year by one of the bloodiest battles of the war. The public have been told years ago, but perhaps will not remember now, that Iron Mountain is 228 feet high, and that its base covers an area of 500 acres, which gives 1,655,280,000 cubic feet, or 230,187,375 tons of ore, *above the surface*, saying nothing about the amount beneath the surface. Pilot Knob, a mountain six miles south of Iron Mountain, is 581 feet high, and is a solid mass of iron, covering an area of 360 acres. The amount above the surface cannot be less than 13,972,773 tons.

These introductory figures speak more eloquently than can any language of the boundless resources of Missouri, which, under the influence of slavery, remained for so many years undeveloped, while her industry was all devoted to the raising of tobacco and hemp, the commingling of white and black manners, language, and blood, and the stemming of the tide of civilization. To own and work a field of tobacco or hemp, to drive a "nigger," whether owned or not, to walk and talk like a negro, to indulge in luxuries known only south of Mason and Dixon's line, and, finally, to curse the Yankees, constituted the sum total of human existence among the Missourians under the old régime. With the introduction of the Nebraska-Kansas Bill into Congress commenced a new era in Missouri, the fulness of whose dawn is witnessed to-day. Slavery and manufactures never prospered side by side; and when the manufacturing interest began to be developed in Missouri, the vitality of slavery began to ebb. There came flowing gradually into St. Louis an element from New England—Boston capitalists—that constantly threatened to gain for industry and free labor a predominant influence in the State. This, united with that other and ever-civilizing element, the German, asserted its political supremacy at Camp Jackson, where the incipient rebel army of St. Louis was captured by the heroic Lyon. Under whatever guise the old spirit of slavery has since appeared, whether clothed in "Confederate," "Democratic," or "Conservative" garb, the loyal, radical, free State, free labor element has triumphed. Governor Thomas C. Fletcher was elected last fall by forty thousand majority over Thomas L. Price, the former being an abolitionist of fifteen years' standing, and the latter a pro-slavery Bourbon of the most approved stamp.

The new Free State Union Administration has a gigantic work to perform. The State has to be reorganized, reconstructed. Schools have to be established, the courts have to be remodelled on a loyal basis, the disloyal people have to be taught that there is no way for them but to submit to the changed condition of things, and the population, subject for four years to perpetual alarms, has to be quieted and assured of protection and security. The constitution recently adopted is a bitter pill for the rebel portion of the population, disfranchising every man who has said or done anything in favor of the rebellion; but, bitter as it is, it must be swallowed. The convention which adopted this constitution ousted, by ordinance, all the officers of courts of record in the State, and among them the three supreme judges. These incumbents

refused to obey the ordinance, and the Governor went into the court-room one day and ousted them at the point of the bayonet, and installed the judges whom the convention had authorized him to appoint. This attempt, thus frustrated, to deny constituted authority is probably the last gasp of disloyalty in Missouri. Unionism, loyalty, freedom, are dominant in every department of the State government, and the new civilization is asserted.

And it is a grand State, indeed, that is thus redeemed. Let us look further at some of her natural resources, alluded to above. Her mineral wealth is almost beyond computation. To give some idea of its extent, we give the following table:

There is iron in	-	-	-	-	34 counties,
" lead in	-	-	-	-	31 "
" coal in	-	-	-	-	36 "
" copper in	-	-	-	-	22 "
" silver in	-	-	-	-	5 "

as far as discovered, besides gold, platina, nickel, cobalt, manganese, emery, marble, alabaster, etc.

The most extensive lead mine (at Granby, in the south-western portion of the State) yielded, before it was abandoned at the outbreak of the rebellion, a thousand dollars' worth of ore per day. Other very prolific mines, about fifty miles from St. Louis (at Potosi), now give employment to hundreds of laborers; but arrangements are being made by which the Missouri lead mines will be worked with Eastern capital, on a scale far exceeding anything known in the past.

There are vast prairies in different parts of the State, the soil of which is as fine as that of Illinois; but these prairies have been neglected, for they are admirably adapted for wheat, and wheat and slavery never could thrive well together. But the New England farmer, and the New York farmer, and the Pennsylvania farmer, are now taking hold of these garden-spots of nature, and in a few years they will be gilded with thickly strewn grain-fields.

#### THE FRENCH SUCCESSION.

THE Prince Imperial of France lately had a severe fit of illness, and had the attack been fatal the effect would have been great on that country over which his present hope is to reign; for it would have placed Prince Napoleon so near to the throne that he would have become a first-class European character by position, as already he is through the force of his talents. It may be that he is the man destined to continue the imperial line. Most men are more or less superstitious, and there is enough in the history of succession to the French throne to make many of us believe that the Prince Imperial is destined never to become Emperor of the French. It is now two hundred and twenty-two years since a French monarch was succeeded by a son. Louis XIII. died on the 14th of May, 1643, and the throne passed to his eldest son, Louis XIV.; but since that day, no one who was born directly to the French throne has ever filled it, whether Bourbon, or Bonaparte, or Orleanist. Louis XIV., who reigned more than seventy-two years, and survived more than two generations of subjects, was succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV.; and the latter by his grandson, Louis XVI. Louis XVI.'s successor was the sovereign people, who cut off their predecessor's head. To them succeeded the first Napoleon, who was not their son, but the son of his own works, few of which were of a popular character. Napoleon I. was followed by Louis XVIII., a brother of the sixteenth Louis. Charles X., the third of these brothers, was the next king; and he and his dynasty were made to give way to another king and a new dynasty, Louis Philippe, and the House of Orleans. Had Louis Philippe died in the purple he would have had no son for a successor, as his eldest son was killed nine years before the Revolution of 1848, leaving two boys, the elder being that Comte de Paris who is occasionally mentioned. But Louis Philippe was not succeeded by any member of his race. The sovereign people were again inaugurated, soon to be displaced by another Bonaparte, Napoleon III., who yet rules as well as reigns. He has only one child, a son in his tenth year, and yet liable to be taken off by some one of the many diseases incidental to childhood. No wonder that many should think that Napoleon III., like another usurper, the slayer of the gracious Duncan, is not to have

a successor of his own creation. The Comte de Chambord, who is the legitimate Henry the Fifth, and who acts as if he thought he were never to become king of France and Navarre, is a childless man; and, should he obtain his inheritance, he would not be succeeded by a son. If we go back beyond the time of Louis XIII., we find that but three French kings, including Louis XII., were succeeded by sons for more than a century and a quarter. Charles VIII., son of Louis XI., who died in 1498, after a reign of fifteen years, was succeeded by the Duke of Orleans, a distant relative, who became Louis XII.; and Louis XII. was followed by Francis I., another distant relative. Francis I. was succeeded by his son, Henry II., and he by his son, Francis II.; but after the last-named monarch's death, in 1560, no son succeeded a father on the French throne until 1610. Francis II.'s successor was his brother Charles, ninth of the name; and Charles was followed by Henry III., his brother, in whom the line of Valois terminated. Then came the Bourbon line in the person of Henry IV., who was succeeded by his eldest son, Louis XIII. Thus, since 1559, on the death of Henry II., and the succession of Francis II., but two French kings have been succeeded by sons—Henry IV. and Louis XIII. Should the Prince Imperial not follow his father, men might well be excused for believing that there is something like fatality in the matter, and that to be born to the French throne is the surest way not to get it. It may remain in the same family, and the line continue unbroken, but the law of primogeniture would seem to be set aside in a summary manner by the fates.

To give to the Prince Imperial a fair chance of the succession, his father should live until the Prince reaches to man's estate in full. Then, if he be a man of talent, he will be able to do something for himself, and keep what his father made for him. But if he should be like "that foolish Ishbosheth," Richard Cromwell, he would fall. A very commonplace character serves for a prince of an established dynasty, but the son of a usurper ought to be almost as able a man as his father. Richard Cromwell succeeded as easily to Oliver Cromwell, as ruler of the British Isles, as Charles I. had succeeded to James I.; but he could not keep what fell so quietly into his lap, and went down before the first adverse gale. So it may be in France, should the Prince Imperial, at a mature age, succeed to his father. No weak man can reign long in France. Burke's idea, that the French sovereign, if a restored Bourbon, would have to be able and active, applies with double force to an illegitimate king of the French.

#### ELSA.

SWEET Elsa hath listened to living words,  
She hath seen a heart like a flower unclose;  
And yet she would almost hide the truth,  
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.

For the spell of enchantment is broken now,  
And all the future is seen so clear,  
That she longs for the very longing gone,  
For the restless pleasure of hope and fear.

She stands so close to the painting now  
That its smallest failings are revealed—  
Ah, that beautiful picture, that looked so sweet,  
By the misty distance half concealed!

"Alas," she says, "can it then be true  
That all is vanity, as they preach—  
That the good is in striving after the good,  
And the best is the thing we never reach?"

"Are not the sweetest words we can speak:  
It is mine, and I hold my treasure fast?  
And the saddest, wrung from the human heart:  
It might have been, but the time is past?"

"I do not know, and I will not say,  
But yet of a truth it seems to me,  
I would give my certain knowledge back,  
For my hope with its sweet uncertainty!"

PHOEBE CAREY.



## Correspondence.

## CLASSICAL STUDY IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In the flattering notice of my pamphlet on "Classical and Scientific Studies" in your last number, there is one misconception of my meaning, occasioned by a want of clearness in my own statement, which, as it concerns a point of great importance in reference to American education, perhaps you will allow me to make the text of a few brief remarks. In commenting on the passage in which I propose a course of study in our colleges from which Greek shall be excluded, you say, "We do not readily understand, nor would we readily accept, Mr. Atkinson's complete exclusion of Greek from the course of school studies. If the language is ever to be known, its rudiments may best be learned in youth. Perhaps it is not well to insist upon it as a universal qualification for admission to college, but that it should at least remain as an alternative qualification we believe, and we cannot believe that Mr. Atkinson himself would differ from us in this opinion."

You are entirely right in this last supposition. It was as far as possible from my intention to give the impression that I wished to exclude the study of Greek altogether from our college curriculum—indeed, in other parts of my pamphlet I believe I have made this sufficiently evident—but no one can be engaged in the preparation of boys for our colleges without seeing the absolute necessity of an *alternative* course of study, such as I describe, which shall omit Greek altogether, and substitute therefor a more thorough study of science and of modern languages. No part of my pamphlet has been so much criticized as my motto—"Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur." It has been urged, and urged with much truth, that in this country we are to a great extent free from the trammels of old tradition, and that the extraordinary picture of the results of English school classical education by no means applies to America. I recognize the truth of all this; but yet I am prepared to maintain that in New England, at least, and more especially in Boston and at Harvard College, the force of English tradition is still quite strong enough to justify my line from Horace. The evil is felt far more in our classical schools than in our colleges. In the latter, so much freedom of choice is now given, and so much more is taken ungranted by the students, that a young man has a tolerably good opportunity of fashioning for himself a course of study suited to his own wants and peculiar talents. He may indeed have to do this at the expense of college rank and college honors, but that is a consideration of such infinitesimal importance that perhaps it may be altogether neglected.

But it is in our schools, Mr. Editor, that I feel myself fully justified in maintaining that the English system is still quite too prevalent. In a note in my pamphlet (p. 70) I have said: "In the case of most, if not all our American colleges, while a greater number of Latin and Greek books must be read for admission than are required at a matriculation examination at Oxford or Cambridge, the young men may, and usually do, enter entirely ignorant of the elementary principles of physics or of any branch of natural history." I believe this is true, though I can speak from personal knowledge of only one of our colleges, though that is perhaps the most influential, Harvard. There, year by year, the examination in the minutiae of Latin and Greek grammar has been made stricter and stricter, while I will undertake to say that of the hundred and odd young men who have just passed the examination successfully, not a tenth part could pass the most elementary examination in physics or natural history. Not being required for admission, while so much Latin and Greek is required, these studies are almost wholly neglected. The consequences in respect to the after study of physical and natural science are very disastrous. Unprepared by an early training of their observing faculties, the young men do not *know how* to study physical science, and the consequence is, that the excellent instruction which they can now have after they enter college is thrown away on them for lack of a foundation. The mischief does not end here. Disgusted with the premature cramming of Latin and Greek grammars, the carefully prepared candidates of our city schools are too apt, when the iron restraints of school discipline are exchanged for the greater freedom of college, to throw up study altogether; and I am ready to venture the assertion that it is this class that furnishes the greatest number of the most idle and the most turbulent of our college students. It cannot be wondered at. Instead of being interested in study, they have been *disgusted*. They have studied simply to pass an examination, and, that accomplished, they throw aside all care for the subject as completely as a lawyer will throw aside the perplexing details of a completed law suit. Indeed, it is the very just observation of an acute friend of mine, that there is such a thing as an "occa-

sional memory," enabling a man to get up a subject for a special purpose, and, when that purpose is accomplished, all trace of it shall depart from his mind. I maintain that the classical study of American schools is much of it little raised above the character of such cramming, and fully justifies me in the use of my motto.

Now, I would be the last to complain of the rigid exaction of thoroughness and accuracy in classical study. So far from that, I maintain that unless classical study is thorough and accurate, it is utterly worthless. But the error lies in exacting this degree and accuracy of scholarship at the wrong period. Boys will not and cannot be interested in school in what, if made the subject of professorial teaching, might be made both interesting and instructive. I will not weary you with quoting the long array of authorities I might summon against the absurdity of beginning the study of languages, living or dead, with the cramming by rote of all the minutiae of grammar, yet at famous schools I might name, which are held up to the teaching profession as models, that cramming is carried almost to the pitch of English absurdity.

The practical remedies for this state of things seem to me very simple. They are first to diminish the maximum amount of Latin and Greek required for admission to our colleges by at least one-third, and to substitute therefor a very stiff examination in physical science. Such a change as this would immediately react upon our classical schools, compelling them to give attention to subjects now wholly neglected. The omitted third of classical study I would by no means have neglected, but I would relegate it to the care of the professors instead of the schoolmasters. Then would the schoolmaster who loves his Virgil or his Cicero be saved the torture of having them murdered by careless schoolboys, while the young professor, by interesting prelections, would have the opportunity at the same time to create a love for classical literature in his hearers, and to employ the learning which he has perhaps acquired in Germany.

But further than this, no man can have been employed much in teaching without being fully convinced that there is a class of minds on which much classical, or indeed grammatical and linguistic, teaching is as good as wasted—minds in which the observing faculties take the lead, and which are born to devote themselves to science. For such minds I would have the "alternative" course of study you speak of—a course in which such students should be wholly relieved of the study of Greek as much as of the study of Sanskrit, and full play should be given to the natural bent of their genius. Language studies should be represented by the elementary or the more complete study of Latin, by the mastery of the mother tongue (who masters it now-a-days?), and by the practical study of modern languages. If this alternative course were placed on an equal footing as regards honors with the classical course, I think we should see large numbers of minds gravitating towards it. Indeed, in regard to our system of common school education, I am convinced that it must be shifted from a literary and linguistic to a scientific foundation, by the better teaching of "common things" and of the sciences of observation, before it will ever be thoroughly successful.

These thoughts, Mr. Editor, would admit of much illustration and expansion, but I have already trespassed further than I intended upon your pages, and will only sign myself, Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC STUDIES."

## THE NEW RULING CLASS SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Bulwer has found at last a devoted disciple in the President of the United States to his popular and "cardinal" doctrine that "the pen is mightier than the sword." What General Grant could not accomplish by his artillery, President Johnson essays with his goose-quill. With one fell swoop, or by one fell stroke, of his pen he has tried to sweep out of existence, as a political power, the great class that has ruled the South from time immemorial. He has done or tried to do more. He has sought to achieve the proud boast of Canning, by calling up a new world, if not to redress the balance, to occupy the position of the old.

Perhaps the President may hold that other doctrine of the didactic dramatist, that "there is no such word as fail." But I venture to assert that he will discover, ere "the experimental policy" has cast off its swaddling clothes, that with the best intentions and most inflexible will to support a plan, there is such a thing as failure. I predict from my long knowledge of the South that the poor whites cannot be counted on to form a more stable and harmonious Union; and, furthermore, that except by expatriation it is impossible to disfranchise the old ruling class.

I will give the reasons of this my unbelief in the Executive programme the facts on which they are founded; and I will gather them chiefly from

around the home of the President, and call as my leading witness an officer of his own appointment.

I was in Nashville last fall. The President at that time was Military Governor of Tennessee. In November I met Mr. Oviatt, the first Superintendent of the Home for the Refugees. During the previous year his voluntary labors in aiding the white refugees, who then began to arrive from the South, attracted the attention of Governor Johnson, who, in September (1863), appointed him as an agent to attend to these people exclusively. He held that office up to April, 1864, a period of seven months, during which he received about 10,000 persons, the poor whites of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama.

I took notes of his testimony at the time, and submitted them to Mr. Oviatt for correction, and thus amended I now reproduce them. "It was pitiable," he said, "before the office that he filled was created, to see the listlessness and extreme poverty of the refugees, who, during his term, were of the lower class almost exclusively. The men who accompanied the parties would sit down on their miserable and rude furniture with a stolid apathy, as if they had no interest in life and no motive for exertion. They paid no attention to anybody or anything, until their women came back and told them that they had found a place to go to until they could leave the city. The thought never seemed to suggest itself to them that it was the duty of the husband to go and search for a shelter for his wife and children." Mrs. Oviatt, who had lived in the South for fourteen years, and who had seen a great deal of the life of this class, added to her husband's statement that it was precisely the way in which they acted at home. "They depend for everything on their wives," she said. I asked her: "What did these men do, then?" "Oh! go fishing and hunting, and drink whiskey when they can get it," she responded. "The women do pretty much all the hard labor." I asked if they could read, and what proportion of them? Mr. Oviatt replied that their ignorance was "beyond anything we can conceive of in the North." "It was amazing. There is not one per cent. who can read." I enquired concerning their morals, and was told that nearly all the boys of eight and nine and upwards were smokers; that "they all swore and lied without any exceptions," and "so do all the women," he added. "They all swear and they all smoke or chew tobacco or dip snuff, and sometimes all four!" I had heard enough along the military railroads to have formed an unfavorable opinion of their fidelity to the marriage vow; but Mr. Oviatt said that in his opinion they were worse in that respect than the negro women themselves.

After a long conversation, I returned to the habits of these people, and asked again, "Do they *all* smoke, or chew, or dip?" Mr. Oviatt did not remember a single exception. Not one. The lower strata of these lower classes, he said, take the tobacco leaf, dry it, and chew it, without any other preparation. Mr. Oviatt could not recall a single instance of women or good-sized girls who did not use tobacco in some form. A young girl, a refugee from Northern Alabama, who was present, was asked if she knew of any woman or girl among her acquaintances who did not smoke. "Only one—granddaddy's folks," she replied; "the old man's opposed to tobacco. But his is the only family I know that don't smoke."

These people have one peculiarity that is generally supposed to be characteristic of the negro. When they fall sick, they rarely recover. They seem to have no tenacity of life.

I made enquiries as to the relative self-reliance of the poor whites and the negroes. Mr. Oviatt said that he had taken pains to gather the statistics touching on this point, and permitted me to copy a paragraph from a private letter that he had written to a philanthropist thereon. It was dated February, 1864.

"A few words, now," he writes, "about the refugees and the contrabands. I find that for the five days ending the 15th instant, the number of rations issued was, for refugees, 3,648; for city poor, 3,229; for contrabands, 972. The number issued during the five preceding days was, for refugees, 2,919; for city poor, 1,940; for contrabands, 474. Putting the two together, we have for ten days 5,169 of city poor and 1,445 of contrabands—being about three and one-half for city poor for one black, supposing that their numbers were equal. But when we learn the relative proportion, it speaks still better for the black; for we have 23,000 whites in Nashville, and only 9,000 blacks. We find, therefore, that we are feeding .024 per cent. of the whites, while we are feeding but .016 per cent. of the whole negro population. In counting city poor I only take into account those who were residents here previous to the rebellion, all the rest being under the head of refugees; and, at the same time, in taking the total number of blacks in the city, I have taken colored refugees and all. Take the white as I have the black, and the percentage is about .036—telling badly for the whites.

"I promised you some statistics comparing the blacks and Irish. I am told the Irish population of the city is about 3,000. The population, therefore, is as one to three of the blacks. Now, more than 60 per cent. of the city poor are Irish; and, taking the comparative number relieved, we have 6

Irish to 1 negro; or a disproportion as against the Irish of 18 to 1—18 Irish paupers to 1 negro pauper. Truly it may be said, as one friend remarked to me a few days ago, 'Better let the blacks take care of themselves, and put some one to hiring out and providing for the whites.'"

So far Mr. Oviatt, with his experience of 10,000 of these members of the new ruling class South; and his wife, with her fourteen years' life among them. After taking their testimony, I called at the Refugee Home. I found it in charge of a colonel whose name I failed to note, and have since forgotten. He said that there had been an average of three thousand refugees a month pass through this house all summer long, and at the time of my visit they numbered at least 4,000 monthly. Since the date of its establishment no less than 35,000 persons had found a temporary shelter under its roof. I asked the colonel whether these people were intelligent or the reverse. "Lord!" he exclaimed, as if amazed that the thought of intelligence could be associated with them, "they don't know B from a bull's foot. Half of them don't know anything at all. You have to kick everything into them." He described the men in the same terms as Mr. Oviatt used—as good-for-nothing, listless, lazy, and stupid; and the women as dirty in their habits and in their morals worse. But it was the women, he quickly added, who did all the work.

A few months later, I met at Cincinnati the secretary of the Refugee Commission, who thus describes the refugees that passed through its Temporary Home: "Of these refugees," he writes, "about two-thirds are worthy people, though they are ignorant and apparently have always been poor; they are industrious and anxious to improve, and seem honest and simple-hearted. About one-third are lazy and dirty, and so apathetic as to leave little hope for improvement in this generation. Still they are not likely to swell the police reports of the North. The absolutely vicious make a very small proportion of the whole. . . . Three-fourths of the whole—the women—have been trained to till the soil, obtaining a scanty living among the hills of Tennessee and Georgia." This is written of an experience of less than five hundred refugees, but is valuable as far as it goes to illustrate the character of the new ruling class South.

Carlyle says that every human brain, no matter how brutalized, has got some dim theory of the universe which it would profit one to hear, if stated with a becoming brevity. So these degraded poor whites have their notions of the "rebellion, its cause and cure," which I often heard delivered with many an oath, and flushing of the cheeks, and flashing of the eye, and amazing grammatical blunders. When at Dalton, and at other points in Georgia, I saw hundreds of the home guards, all of whom were fully developed specimens of the poor white trash. They came chiefly from the hilly northern counties of Georgia, in which the loyalists—nearly the entire poor population—had been very cruelly persecuted by the rebel authorities. They frankly avowed that their sole purpose in seeking to be recognized by the Federal Government as regular, or rather legitimate, troops was to obtain revenge. They wished to have the power to hang, shoot, and destroy in retaliation of the wrongs that they had endured. They desired, in other words, to be Federal bushwhackers, supported, armed, and equipped by the National Government. They were equally ignorant and vindictive; yet they understood clearly enough the true philosophy of the rebellion. They never spoke of the rebels but of "these big nigger-holders;" who, they said with one accord, must be killed and their estates divided up, or the Union would never be secure. "You can't get a principle out of a man unless you kill him," said one of them to me. "That's a fact," said the other, "you must kill a man to get the principle out of him." The first speaker went on to show that the "big nigger-holders" were thoroughly aristocratic; that while they held the land and owned the labor, the poor man must necessarily be driven to the sterile mountain districts; and, as a consequence, that the same class who brought on the rebellion would be again in power, and constitute the State, and reproduce the present state of things within a few years. "For," he added, "this war has only ground the principle into them worse than ever." I found this to be the almost universal sentiment of the loyal poor whites of Northern Georgia, Northern Alabama, and Eastern Tennessee.

After visiting nearly every town from Athens, Alabama, to Atlanta, Georgia, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, I thus wrote last autumn of the habits and houses of the poor whites, and if my notes are rough and unpolished, they have at least the fidelity of a daguerreotype as to details, and may serve indeed as a pleasant change to the smooth and scholarly English of your other contributors:

"I have more than once incidentally alluded to the prevalence of dipping and snuffing as practised by the women down here. In travelling by railroad every one has chances enough to see women smoking. They do not seek to conceal this habit. They can be seen sitting very often, with their chairs tipped back, serenely smoking at the doors of their houses. The



pipes that these daughters of the South delight to patronize are frequently, I think generally, made out of a corn-cob whittled down. For stems they use canes and goose-quills. The custom is not merely common, it is universal among the lower classes.

"I walked on foot from Decatur, Alabama, to Athens—twelve or fifteen miles—and during this trip first saw with my own eyes the practice and the apparatus of dipping. As this is an indoor pastime, the traveller has less chance to see it than its twin-sister vice—smoking. It was at McDonald's Station. I went into a house, a large log-cabin, and asked if they would get me a dinner. There were two girls and a few children in the house. One of the girls seemed to be about eighteen, the other about fifteen years of age. But I found that they were each three years younger than my estimate. They called the woman of the house, the sister of the elder girl. She came in, said that I must dine there if I could wait, and lay down on a bed in that one of the two rooms that served for kitchen and dining apartment. I will not stop to describe either room. It is enough to say that it—that everything in it—was cheerless and rude and dirty; that it had no cellar, no closets, and only a thin floor; and that through the walls and through the floor the wind might enter and the rain might enter, even if the king of England could not enter. The woman was really sick. She spat blood—and snuffy saliva. When she wanted to spit—which she often did—she slightly raised her long lank form, and spat against the sides of the house. Sometimes she missed her mark and spat against the high head-board of the bed.

"After my dinner of bacon, corn-bread, and butter-milk was eaten, the girl who cooked it—quite a pretty young creature—before going out for some water went to her sister's bed and tried to slide a tin box that I saw under the pillow beneath her apron. I playfully protested, and asked her if she dipped snuff? The sweet sisters seemed to take it as a matter of course, and were not at all hurt by the insinuation. They both defended the habit. It saved the teeth, they said, and all the women in their country either dipped, or smoked, or chewed, and sometimes all three. 'But do the rich folks do so?' I asked. 'Hooh!' said the younger girl, 'I guess they do—and get drunk at home, too!' Notwithstanding this broadside, I still protested against young girls learning to dip. 'Did you notice that young girl that was in a little while since?' asked the recumbent matron. 'She can dip as well as any of them!' Now the girl referred to was not thirteen years of age, a sickly, yellow-skinned girl, in the last stages of consumption, a disease of which her father lay dying. Enquiries since that time have shown that the woman spoke the truth—that the habits of dipping, chewing, and smoking are all but universal here among the females, rich and poor. . . . The men admit without hesitation that their women constantly use tobacco. Do you know how this dipping is done? A little rag is tied on the end of a stick about the size and form of a pen-holder. The rag is moistened in the mouth of the fair devotee, dipped in the snuff, and then the teeth or gums are rubbed with it!"

After the battle of Nashville I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the poor whites of Southern Tennessee and Northern Alabama in their own homes. I accompanied Gen. Stedman, now commanding in Georgia, in the movement which was designed to prevent Hood from recrossing the Tennessee. In returning we scoured the bottom lands between Huntsville and Stevenson, which are exclusively occupied by the poor whites. I find that I thus recorded my experience of the country and the people:

"The section that Gen. Cruft and I traversed on this ride was a part of what are known as the bottom lands and the bluffs of the Tennessee. It is inhabited almost exclusively by poor whites. There are very few slaves and no rich people anywhere. But poor as it is, and out of the way, it had not escaped the eagle-eyed conscription of the rebels, nor the visits of their guerrillas, nor the retaliatory calls of the home guards, who style themselves loyal, and are so, but refuse to do other than local duty, which enables them to plunder with the semblance of authority. It is everywhere the same scene—low, wet, wooded land; the trees leafless, tall, thick, with dwarfish, ungraceful branches; here a worm-eaten trunk, still standing; there a stray bunch of green bushes, to make everything around it appear the more dreary by contrast: a 'God-forsaken country,' if there ever was one, to look at on a cold, rainy day, from horseback and a-hungry! The cliffs, on the other hand, are steep, rocky, covered with dull, ashen-colored trees—the haunts of the guerrilla and the buzzard; they are as cheerless as the bottoms that they overlook.

"The people are like the country—as dull-eyed and stupid as the lowlands; as gaunt, angular, and vacant as the bluffs. Their dress is coarse; their food is coarse; their manners and their thoughts are coarse. I write not of the rebels only, but of the entire population. Rebel or loyal, it is all the same in quality. They have no love of culture, of civilization, or of truth. The schoolmaster was abroad when this section was first settled, and has never returned to stay, up to date. To find young women who can read and write is the rare exception—to find them as ignorant as the plantation negro is the common rule. They are not to be blamed. They have had no chance and no encouragement. The wealthy slaveholders frowned on all attempts to educate the people, and the prejudices they created, or the villainess of their social system, speedily drove away any wandering Yankee whom accident or philanthropy or a desire to better his condition drifted into these benighted regions.

"The houses of these people are rude log huts, mostly without the interstices properly filled up, and therefore as cold as they are primitive and cheerless. It is singular to see how little 'gumption' they have. One loses patience with them. Instead of going to work and filling up all the gaps in the walls, and thereby keeping out the cold, they pile cords of wood on fires on the hearth, beneath chimneys that are built outside of the cabin, and that thereby scoop up all the warm air as fast as it is made. So they shiver and roast, roast and shiver, freezing on one side and scorching on the other, turn-

ing themselves round like human spits, heating themselves by detail and cooling themselves by sections, instead of securing by a little labor a comfortable room, where they could make one job of it and be done with it, and then go to some other work 'like Christians.' To make the matter worse, the wind takes the liberty to visit them through the floor. I did not wonder at seeing so many pale, wan, consumptive women. Their style of living is barbarous enough to kill a civilized horse. There is a heathendom in America that we have got to redeem before we can lay a just and permanent claim to the character and reputation of a civilized land."

Although my notes are still unexhausted, I cannot intrude any further on your space. I had intended to show by another series of facts that there *must* be universal suffrage in the South; that the disfranchisement of any class, instead of helping to promote an enduring peace, will inevitably produce instead, not a war of sections as recently, but of classes and of races as in St. Domingo.

JAMES REDPATH.

MALDEN, Mass.

### TRIP TO NORTHERN ALABAMA.

NASHVILLE, TENN., August 2, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Having just returned to this place, I sit down to report the conversations, observations, and facts of a journey as far south as Huntsville, Alabama. I have conversed with many active rebels, with large land-owners, with scores of private soldiers formerly in the Confederate army, with Northern speculators and plantation lessees, and, last but not least, with hundreds of the freed people of all grades of intelligence.

The single car which on these military railroads is allotted to passengers was crowded with a motley company—officers and soldiers mustered out or returning to their stations, and the inevitable speculative Jew. One thing was discernible, and it had a deep significance. I heard no harsh words used in regard to the ex-rebels. Out of the generous depths, flushed though he is with victory, came from no national soldier in my hearing a word of scorn, boasting, or triumph. We whirled on past Franklin, Duck River, Pulaski, Decatur—all names that lifted the veil from memory and brought back sounds of victorious battle. Confederate soldiers were on board; from the Union men came no words which could grate harshly. If there were any uttered, they were whispered. Everybody was unarmed, and few, I am told, were in the habit of carrying side-arms.

I was soon attracted to those in the car who seemed to avoid anything like conversation on public topics. These were the Confederates. It was these I wanted to know. Behind me sat a large, good-natured looking man, with coarse, strong, but not ill-favored features, shabbily dressed, and evidently a man of note. Soon it was noised about that this was Brigadier-General Roddy, of Alabama, a rebel cavalry commander, who had figured in the Tennessee Valley. He was on his way home with a pardon. Decidedly seedy, even ragged in dress, with flushed coarse face, and brusque, reticent manners, he yet appeared like a man of fair ability and good judgment. Union men speak well of him, and his character seems respectable at home. I tried to enter into conversation with him, but was not very successful at first.

At Columbia, Tennessee, a clean, dapper little man, smooth-shaven and keen-eyed, with a head and forehead reminding me much of the Hon. Robert J. Walker, entered the cars. I found him to be a lawyer, and that he had been a major in the rebel army.

Another member of the group was a cotton speculator—an Alabamian Unionist—"jest from Washington," where undoubtedly he had aided in the reconstruction policy now developing. This man impressed me disagreeably.

As the major took his seat, which he did alongside of Roddy, after the first greetings, he commenced giving his friends a description of affairs in Northern Mississippi, which he had just left. The picture as he sketched it was severe. The rebels were rampant, and Union men's lives were in constant danger. He spoke of a half dozen murders in as many minutes. He deprecated the state of affairs, and, turning to Roddy, said, "General, we've taken the oath; we've been whipped out; and now we ought to submit in good faith;" to which Roddy responded affirmatively.

Finding the party friendly, I introduced myself, and the conversation grew general.

The statements and views of this Confederate were so candid and sagacious that I must endeavor to give them to you in substance. In reply to a remark of mine that the North considered this war waged mainly for slavery by the South, he said:

"That was true only incidentally. Slavery was entirely a secondary consideration. True, we believed in it. I do yet. I think it the best position for the negro. But the true question at issue in the war was that of sovereignty. With Calhoun, I believe there can be no such thing, sir, as divided

sovereignty. We of the South considered the States as sovereign, in the last resort. We seceded on this; we have fought you for four years to establish a confederation, and we have failed completely. You have conclusively established the fact that the American Republic has become a nation, and not a mere federation. You have proved the strength of consolidation, and are on the road to centralization. I accept the result in all sincerity. I am not convinced, nor is the South convinced, that they are or were wrong. But they realize that you had the power. I take therefore what you choose to give. The States have no rights now. At least this is true of those you call rebel. They are only territorial States. For one I accept the conditions. I do so in good faith. I doubt not we shall grow fat and prosperous beyond what we were in old times. I fought conscientiously, have been wounded, impoverished; but I am not such an ass, sir, as not to appreciate the great advantages which we, as Americans, are ultimately to gain from this development and consolidation of power. I look for results yet unrecognized. We may be called a republic, but we shall not be so in reality. I go in now, sir, for power."

This was, in effect, what the major said during a long conversation. I wanted his opinions, and did not therefore trouble him with mine. The brigadier-general avoided much talk, seemed wearied, and confined himself to monosyllables. The speculator put in a word of opposition now and then. Presently the inevitable negro question came in. This time the usher was the general, who exclaimed: "Wall, major, what 'll you do with the niggah?"

The little major said that the question presented no difficulty in his mind. Turning to me, he said:

"Why, sir, treat them fairly and they 'll work well, at least in raising corn, wheat, and hogs. I believe the negroes will leave the cotton States. He is n't going to work at that crop, sir."

"Why?" I asked.

"For exactly the same reason, sir, that you and I would not. Cotton requires "thirteen months in the year" to raise. The negro will not work harder than other people if not compelled to. He can work on farms in this belt, in Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, Kansas, Southern Illinois, and earn a living at half the labor that will be required in the cotton and sugar States. You in the North have abolished slavery and turned the negro loose, and now I want you to have the full benefit of your action. The negroes will flock up here and further North."

The cotton speculator broke in with an emphatic denial of the proposition. He declared that white emigration would displace them in the middle belt, and compel them to move to the Gulf States, where they would be pressed to the sea, into which the race would disappear. They were doomed to extinction, according to our Alabama Unionist, who seemed much gratified at the prospect he vividly depicted. The general brusquely issued his fiat, which was that "the blasted free niggahs could not live here, sah." The major did not seem to be driven from his position by this opposition, but launched out again on a question which I adroitly introduced:

"Yes, sir, I am in favor of giving the negroes the suffrage. You Federals have freed them by the bayonet. You have armed them. Making free-men, making soldiers of them, I wonder that there should be the slightest difference of opinion among you as to making them voters. You have got the power now. These States have no rights now. You can do it at this time with the least difficulty."

The general expressed his contempt of the idea of "niggah suffrage," saying, "I don't expect to vote for a long time to come, and if the niggahs are to vote, I never want to do so again."

"Wall, general," replied the major, "you would n't leave them to be legislated for without granting them a voice therein? I am a pro-slavery man—have always been—believed the system right. I never owned many slaves. They are all on my place in Mississippi, and I have made contracts with them. But now that the negroes have been made free, against my will, I believe they should have all the rights that belong to freedom."

"They'll be wanting to marry your daughters next," broke in the speculator.

"So much the worse for the nigger, then, if any white woman should marry one. I ain't afraid of such a result. My daughter will I trust be too well trained for that. No, gentlemen, the negro is free, and I want to have all the rights given him that can make him a valuable and useful citizen."

Asking if such views as his were at all common, he replied:

"No. But you'll find, captain, that the cultivated gentlemen of the South will generally come to these conclusions. They are the negroes' best friends. His worst enemies are the poor whites, who have a bitter, unyielding prejudice. Why, sir, I dare not express these views at home. (He lived in Columbia, Tenn.) As I said, I am a pardoned rebel, I have served and been

wounded, yet I cannot express the views I've given you frankly to-day without danger of personal violence. They would declare that S—— was toadying to the Yanks. I am going to do what I can to help out these ideas in good faith on my place and among my people."

This may fairly be considered a remarkable conversation. Shortly after the major left the train, and I entered into conversation with an intelligent young man who occupied the same seat with me. I found he had been a Confederate soldier, but had taken the oath about a year ago. His testimony was emphatic that the rank and file of rebellion were heartily sick and tired of the war. He had met but one of his old comrades who declared he would go into it again if the chance was given. Most of the privates realized that the objects of the war, on the part of Southern leaders, were not beneficial to them as a class. The "ricocrats" were to gain all. This seems to have been a very general conviction. The only question upon which the leading Southern politicians can win power again will be that of negro suffrage. Settle it now, and all will acquiesce, because, perforce, they must. Leave it to become a bone of contention in the State politics, and the whole pack of demagogues who led the South into rebellion will begin to bay again.

I had an interesting talk with General Roddy after this, mainly in relation to the Mexican question and the crops. The latter were flourishing, though, because of a panic in prices last spring, there was not so large an area of cotton planted as was at first expected. A great deal of corn was being raised. The yield of both would be good. He thought Northern emigration desirable. Intended to remain in his State, and be a good and loyal citizen. Considerable cotton from the last crop was yet left in the country. As to Mexico, he said the sympathies of the Southern soldiers were altogether with Juarez. If we crossed the Rio Grande, he wanted to go there with Sherman. He liked and thought him a great man; agreed with his views as expressed at Indianapolis. The Southern people had no love for Napoleon or for England. They had been fooled by the idea of intervention until they declared those powers were treacherous. For his part, he did not believe Napoleon had ever promised or hinted at intervention, but he had taken occasion of our troubles to impose his puppet upon the Mexicans. It was, or appeared so to us, the interest of the great powers to see us divided, but they all "let I dare not wait upon I would." On the whole, I liked this man. He will make a good citizen. He is regarded as a soldier of fair abilities by our officers.

Decidedly the most dangerous and least desirable of the class was our cotton speculator, Captain N. He was a warm partisan of Judge Parsons, Provisional Governor of Alabama. Captain N.'s opinions were expressed at length; tersely told, without his expiatives, they were that Northern emigration and wealth would rebuild the Southern waste places; that the negroes were idle, worthless brutes; that they never would be of any service, had n't sense enough to look out for to-morrow, and would finally, within a hundred years, become extinct, except in the American tropics. The negro never was a colonizer, nobody but the Anglo-Saxon, the Teuton, did that. From the scraps of personal history which drifted on the stream of his talk, I gathered that the captain was from the ranks of the poor whites.

Among the most interesting facts brought to my knowledge were those given me by a Northern planter, who, hearing our talk and seeing my purpose, introduced himself. He was formerly lieutenant-colonel of an Ohio regiment, and now, with the major of the same regiment, had leased and was cultivating a plantation in Limestone County, Alabama, upon the line of road on which we were travelling. In brief, his testimony about the negro's value as a laborer was this: "Our plantation retained its former slaves when we leased it in February last. We had six hundred acres of cotton under cultivation, paying the owners five dollars for every acre. This made a rent of \$3,000, too heavy altogether. We have fifty working hands, to whom we pay \$15 per month for first class, from \$6 to \$12 for other grades. Ten are first class hands; twelve receive \$12 per month; the rest between that and the lowest rate. We commenced in February with the same people that were on the place before and during the war. During the whole time we have never had reason to complain of want of industry. All work eagerly. We try to labor ten hours each day. Not one has left. The owner, former overseer, and all the neighbors say we've got the best crop of cotton that has been raised on the place. Have never employed so docile, industrious, and good-humored a set of people in all our experience. Formerly hands worked from daylight to dark, from twelve to fifteen hours. Every one is eager to learn. There is not a man or woman on the place without a primer or spelling-book, with which every available minute is occupied." Said the colonel: "Every Northern planter within my experience has succeeded. All that is needed is justice and kindness."

The colonel expressed doubts as to the expediency of giving the ballot to the negro. He was abstractly in favor of it, but was afraid they would be



wholly controlled by their employers. He said he could control all the men on his place. I asked if this was not due to the fact of his being a Northern man and treating them fairly. He said, somewhat; still he again expressed his fears of their ignorance. After a long talk on this subject, these were the conclusions we both came to: That the question of negro suffrage South was now one of expediency—of how much power was needed, and in what way to obtain it. The negro's instincts were thoroughly bound to us. When, as in Col. B.'s case, the intelligence of the employer led and consorted with the freedmen's instincts, the intelligent would control the ballot; otherwise not. These results might be seen more palpably, but they would not be any different from those in the Northern States. My friend the Northern planter concluded, that it was really vital to the Southern Unionists that the weight of the negro's ballot should be thrown into the balance.

R. J. H.

## THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

V.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 31, 1865.

Six miles below Lynchburg, a gray stone barn that crowns a hill near the river is pointed out to the traveller as the place where, in the summer of 1864, Hunter's men first showed themselves. There an advance party of his troops made an unsuccessful attempt to burn a railroad bridge. The little earthwork which beat them off still frowns from a neighboring eminence. Behind the city, upon the mountains two or three miles away, can be seen the spot whence a day or two afterwards the baffled Federal general turned back and began his hasty retreat up the valley.

The escape of the Lynchburgers at that time was a narrow one, but until after Lee's surrender the town had never been molested nor occupied by the Union army, and, except that a Confederate storehouse was then destroyed by Sheridan's soldiers, the actual ravages of war have never visited the citizens. But the more indirect evils which the rebellion brought upon all the South this city has evidently suffered. Trade is dead, the people have no money, nor is there a prospect of their soon getting any, for nothing but breadstuffs has been raised this season, and the stock of tobacco, more or less injured, which is all they have to sell, is in the hands of comparatively few men. The shelves of the shops are scantily supplied with poor goods, and several times after purchasing some small article I have been obliged to leave it untaken, because the merchant was not able to give me change for a five-dollar note. Silver and gold are, however, oftener seen in circulation here than in the ordinary trade of any Northern city, and the people show a somewhat extravagant preference for a specie currency. I was yesterday an eye-witness of the following transaction. Two soldiers bought a quart of buttermilk from a small negro boy. "What d'ye want for it?" said one. The prompt answer was: "Five cents in silver, or ten cents in greenbacks."

The method of the adult traders in computing the relative values of the two kinds of money is a little better than this. It is not perfect, however, and the aid of the provost-marshal is not unfrequently called in to settle disputes between buyer and seller. If gold is quoted in Richmond at 140, the dealer in small wares at Lynchburg, if I understand the process, deducts from the face value of a paper dollar the excess over one hundred in the price of gold, and considers the dollar greenback to be worth not seventy-one cents but sixty. He finds some who put up with the imposition, while others, familiar with general orders and not wholly ignorant of arithmetic, resist, and summon the military power.

The rough little city is built on several round-topped hills that descend abruptly to the banks of the James, which is here an insignificant stream at the bottom of a rocky valley hardly wider than the river's bed. The streets, which run towards the water, are almost precipitous, and all the streets, whether steep or not, are dirty and ill-paved. At present they are unlighted at night, and, though guarded by soldiers, are considered unsafe after nightfall. The warehouses, manufactories, and private residences are, for the most part, mean in appearance, and the stranger is surprised to learn that, before the war, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, Lynchburg was, with the single exception of New Bedford, Massachusetts, the richest city in the United States. But if there is little which, to the casual eye, is indicative of wealth, there are many signs that the reputation of the place as a famous tobacco mart was well deserved. In the business portion of the town the air is redolent of the favorite weed. The windows of half the shops make a display of earthen pipes, bundles of tobacco in the leaf, packages of smoking tobacco, and boxes of tobacco to be chewed. One is everywhere attracted by such titles as "the Celebrated Killikinnick," or

"the Celebrated Garibaldi Smoking Tobacco," the "Tony Lumpkin," "Rob Lee," "Lone Jack," and "Billy Bowlegs, Last King of the Everglades." On the papers of this last named variety the inscription says that, "as Billy was without an equal in love for his tribe and hunting-grounds, so this tobacco stands unrivalled in point of delicacy." But, apparently, for all the varieties there are customers. Nearly every one uses tobacco in one or two of its forms, and no public place is without an array of spittoons. In the pews of the most fashionable church in Lynchburg I noticed spittoons in use.

The opinion seems to prevail among the people that the renown of their city as the tobacco metropolis has passed away with slavery, and that, for a long time at least, it will not return. They say that free labor cannot be profitably applied to the culture of tobacco on a large scale. This opinion may or not be of weight. The men who hold it express great contempt for free negro labor in general. "Free nigger labor may do on a trucking farm, or something like that, but it won't raise tobacco. You can't place any dependence on it. We may be able to do something with white labor by-and-by."

These gentlemen firmly believe that the negro not only will be, but that in most parts of the South he to-day is, a pauper. Yet I find no man who does not admit that in his own particular neighborhood the negroes are doing tolerably well—are performing whatever agricultural labor is done. From the most trustworthy sources I learn that, in the vicinity of Lynchburg, of Danville, of Wytheville—in counties embracing a great part of southern and southwestern Virginia—the colored population may be truly described as orderly, industrious, and self-supporting. And this seems to be plainly shown by the reports, drawn up by Government officials, of the issue to citizens of what are known as "Destitute Rations." The exact figures I have in the case of two counties only. During the month of June, relief was furnished 961 persons in Bedford County: of these, 13 were blacks. In Campbell County 530 persons received sustenance from the Government: of these 530 persons, 12 were blacks. In other counties sometimes less, sometimes greater, numbers of persons than in Bedford and Campbell were supplied with food, and in them all the proportion of the negroes to the white people was substantially the same with that given above.

This distribution has been going on ever since the end of May, but very recently the general commanding in this district has deemed it proper to stop all issues of rations to citizens, except in well authenticated instances of actual pauperism.

The personal knowledge of the issuing officer that the person who asks for food is, by reason of age or infirmity, unable to earn his living, and that he has no relative whose duty it is to support him, is now made the only ground of bestowing the ration. Heretofore it could be obtained if the person demanding it would first swear allegiance to the United States, and then subscribe to an oath which set forth in the following words the requisite degree of poverty in the petitioner: "I do solemnly swear before Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, that I am in destitute circumstances; that I have nothing to subsist upon; that I have no money to purchase subsistence; that I have made every effort in my power to obtain employment, and without success; that I am ———, with ——— helpless children, and that unless relief is afforded me I must perish: So help me God." But the fact that a man had taken these two oaths was found to be no perfect criterion of his honesty or poverty. Whatever may have been the case immediately after the occupation of this part of Virginia by the Federal troops, for some time past it has been plainly discernible that the very large majority of those claiming to be destitute might easily support life without taxing the charity of the Government.

One man was discovered to have come in from the country, drawn rations for himself and his family, and before leaving the city to have expended several dollars in purchasing apple-brandy. Another drew rations who had four adult sons, any one of whom might have kept their father from the necessity of begging, as all were at work and earning fair wages. An old lady coming to the place of distribution was accosted by the clerk with the enquiry if she were not the owner of several tenements in the town, the rents of which she was regularly receiving. After some hesitation she replied in the affirmative. The officer then asked if it was true that she had stood upon the bridge one day a little while before and cursed the Yankees? The old woman, finding denial vain, and perceiving that she was to have no more rations, replied in the affirmative to this question also, and went away declaring that she wanted no more Yankee rations, and that she still had sons left to fight for the Confederacy if ever there should be another war.

The continual occurrence of such cases as these; the enormous number of rations required; the evidence afforded by the face of the country that the crop now about to be gathered is a plentiful one; and the seeming cer-

tainty that, without regard to actual want, the demand for rations would continue as long as the Government would continue to give them away, caused General Curtis to prohibit the issue on and after August 1, 1865. An order made in May last, by General Gregg, which allows farmers, in order that they may be the better able to provide for the laborers upon their plantations, to buy supplies from the military stores, paying for them in cash, or giving bonds to pay for them in cash or in kind when the crops shall have been harvested, has not, I think, been rescinded by General Curtis, but is still in force. In the earlier part of the season many planters availed themselves of the permission thus granted, which was doubtless of advantage to them and to the negroes. In reference to the remarkable fact that so very few negroes of all the great number inhabiting the region round about Lynchburg have sought food from the Government, it is fair to say that the military authorities, when the matter was wholly in their hands, and in those of the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau recently established, have not permitted the planters to set adrift all or any of the negroes from their homes. It is considered that the crops, which in part were planted before the slaves became free, and which have all been worked by them throughout the year, are justly chargeable with the support of the laborers and those dependent upon them. Some planters have shown a disposition to turn loose all such negroes as were neither able-bodied themselves nor had near relations able to work, and whose labor could be taken as payment for the board and lodging of all. One gentleman, somewhat advanced in years and averse to the trouble of managing free negroes, wished to let his farm stand idle, and to send away at once about sixty people, who might, very likely, have become a burden on the community at large. He was very angry when informed that no such discharge could be permitted, and that for the present, at least, the negroes must stay where they were. But the large majority of farmers have kept with them those of their former slaves who would stay, and the large majority of these latter willingly remain in their old homes and work for wages. The amount of pay given them varies a good deal. When wages are paid in money, five dollars per month seems to be the usual rate. But it is believed that on many plantations nothing more is given than the food and clothes of the laborer and his family. Whether this is true or not, I do not know. The Superintendent of Freedmen in this district informs me that among the poorer farmers, whose operations this year are confined to raising food only, it is very probably true that the laborer gets only his board and lodging. Some plantations are "worked on shares." In one case which has fallen under my observation, the employer agrees to feed and clothe the laborers, to allow each family a patch of ground for a garden, and at the end of the year to divide among them one-seventh of the total produce of the farm. The crops planted are corn, oats, wheat, potatoes, and sorghum. The wheat has been already divided. On that plantation there is no dissatisfaction now existing. Not long since the blacksmith refused to do field-work, but afterwards agreed when not at work in the shop to work with the other hands. His view of the subject was that his labor was skilled labor, that it was necessary to the plantation, and that he was entitled to his share of the crop, even though he worked but one half of the time. There are a thousand questions of this sort which are very embarrassing to the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau. They labor with the disadvantage of having as yet no very definite instructions to guide them in the performance of their perplexing duties.

The planters, the negroes, and they themselves have no certain knowledge of the precise nature and extent of the power lodged in their hands. The negroes go in blind faith to the superintendent or his local assistant, as the "head Yankee" of whom everything is to be expected, sometimes on a reasonable errand, as to complain that they have been beaten, sometimes with such a request as that the farm on which they live be divided amongst them. A few words of sensible advice usually settles the affair, though now and then warning and reproof are required. For example: a negro charges his employer with having knocked him down. The master being called on for his defence asserts that the negro was insolent. The insolence, however, consisting in nothing worse than his saying "Mister" Smith instead of "master," the employer is instructed that now, before the law, the colored man is the equal of the white, and that corporal punishment of farm servants is not allowed.

The white people are often very far wrong in their notions of the object for which the Bureau of Freedmen was organized, and the power committed to its officers. I was waiting the other day in the office of the superintendent when two gentlemen of respectable appearance entered and announced themselves as planters from the State of Mississippi. The conversation on their part was carried on by one, the other saying nothing. Both seemed to listen with very great interest to all that was said to them. The speaker said their business with the superintendent was to get from him about a

hundred Virginia negroes to be taken down to Mississippi to work on cotton. They were informed that the officer had no power to send away negroes unless they chose to go. They asked if they couldn't get a hundred paupers or criminals. But the superintendent had not at command so many of either class or of both together. They asked if negroes could not be apprenticed to them for a term of years. But apprenticeship, except of boys in cities, who in exceptional cases may be put with a tradesman to learn his craft, is not permitted.

"Well, now," said the gentleman, "this is how the thing is. I've got land there, and I'm going to raise cotton. I've spent pretty nearly \$20,000 for mules and harnesses and a complete outfit generally. What I want to know is this—you say you can't use compulsion to make these Virginia niggers go down there—what compulsion will the Government let me use to make them work when I've got them there, anyhow?"

"You seem to think all negro labor must be compulsory."

"Why, of course it must. How long have you lived in a slave State, sir?"

"I have lived within twenty-five miles of one a good part of my life. But you must look to the experience of those who have tried free labor. There is Mr. B. G.—, on the James. He has about two hundred and eighty-seven negroes. They were with him as slaves, and he has employed them all since they were emancipated. Only three went away from his place, and the rest, he says, are doing very well indeed. One example like that is worth a great deal of theory."

"Yes, I know him very well. Didn't know he had so many as that, though. But I know the nigger. The employer must have some sort of punishment. I don't care what it is. If you'll let me tie him up by the thumbs, or keep him on bread and water, that will do. Over here in Rock bridge County, as I came along I saw a nigger tied up by the wrists. His hands were away up above his head. I went along to him, and says I, 'Boy, which would you like best now, to stay there where you are, or to have me take you down, give you forty good cuts, and let you go?' 'Rather have the forty lash,' says he. So he would, too. You folks used to make a good deal of talk because we gave our niggers a flogging when they deserved it. I won't ask leave to flog, if you'll let me use some of your Northern punishments. All I want is just to have it so that when I get the niggers on to my place, and the work is begun, they can't sit down and look me square in the face and do nothing."

The superintendent could not encourage him to hope that the Bureau would deport negroes to Mississippi, nor that it would allow him to use on his plantation the punishments which he seemed to think necessary. If the negro would not work, he could be complained of. When a Northern laborer violated a contract he was sued.

"Ah! sue the nigger! Can he give his testimony in court? Will his testimony be taken?"

"It is taken here, sir; and it will be in Mississippi—at any rate, while that State is occupied by Federal troops."

"Why, no nigger can be believed whether he is under oath or not. No one that knows a nigger will ever think of believing him if it's for his interest to lie."

The gentlemen took their leave, very much dissatisfied with the state of affairs in Virginia, and with the prospects of planters throughout the Southern country. They were particularly severe upon the policy of obliging a master who wished to discharge his servants to keep them and feed them on his plantation till the Government might be ready to remove them. It was nothing more or less than a confiscation of white men's property to the use and benefit of the black man. It was a most unjust measure. They were reminded that the negro had done work on the crop, and had a lien upon it for his labor, and that it could be no great hardship to the landowner if the Government compelled him to relieve it of a heavy burden at no greater cost to himself than giving up to the use of the negroes some cabins and some land which would otherwise remain empty and uncultivated. But they were not disposed to look upon the matter as anything but an act of mere power on the part of the Government. Of course, it would have to be submitted to. The man did not free his own slaves. The Government freed them. Let the Government take care of them.

The gentleman in charge of the interests of freedmen who resides in this city is superintendent of nine counties. He has one assistant superintendent here in Lynchburg, another at Danville. Both of these are of the rank of lieutenant. At each county seat he has an infantry sergeant and four men, belonging to the company which is in garrison at the village. In these large Virginian counties people sometimes come from a distance of seventeen or twenty miles to make an enquiry or to answer to a complaint. The mere length of way to be traversed before a case can be examined must often



prove an almost insurmountable obstacle to the proper or the speedy transaction of business. A negro, perhaps, comes in from a plantation ten or fifteen miles from the court-house, and makes a complaint of having been ill-treated. To the stories of negroes, as to those of most other men, there are two sides, but to hear the statement of the man's employer it will be necessary for the sergeant to make a journey of twenty or thirty miles. Probably the case is dismissed without investigation, or an investigation, if made, imposes on some one an undue amount of labor.

In quantity the business of a day is sometimes very great, for both the white men and the negroes make constant application to the officers of the Bureau, very many of the cases, of course, being trivial, but others being of importance and requiring for their settlement a good deal of tact and judgment. At present there seems to be need of more and somewhat better labor in this field. The higher officers of the Bureau, as it exists in this part of Virginia, are apparently men well qualified for their position. Generally they have served in the army as bonded officers (commissaries, quartermasters, etc.), and, by the terms of their commissions, being held in the service during the good pleasure of the President, are not mustered out of service with other officers of their rank, but remain and are available for the position and duties of superintendents. The lower offices are by no means so well filled. Probably, when it shall be no longer doubtful whether the civil or the military power is to have control of the affairs of freedmen, the local agencies will be made more efficient or replaced by something of a different nature. The agents of the Bureau may perhaps find all their energies taxed in the proper performance of their duties during the coming winter. They certainly will, if the prophecy to which I listened yesterday afternoon should be fulfilled. It was from the lips of a poor white with whom I talked for half an hour or so. He enlisted my services to read to him a hand-bill advertising a sale of Government horses and mules. Here and there, where the letters were capitals, he could spell out a word, but was unable to master the smaller type. I read it to him, and he asked me if the horses would probably be branded as condemned animals. I said I supposed they would be, in order that they might be distinguished from those marked "U. S.," as there would very likely be a good many Government horses in the South as long as the country was occupied by the Federal soldiers.

"That will be for more than one twelvemonth. Why, down in Georgia they is killin' each other yet. I'm told that them secessionists make threats that they 'll kill every Union man and every nigger as soon as the soldiers go away from thar. Why will they keep on contendin'? We Southerners will have it all to pay for. The niggers did n't make themselves free. 'T was another man done that. But some do hate the niggers. You mark me, thar 'll be a heap o' trouble when Christmas comes, when the end o' the year comes, and the niggers' time 's out that they 's hired for. They 'll be awfully defrauded. I can see it goin' on right under my own observation. I know houses yer whar they keep a nigger till his month 's most out, and then they make a muss with him, and kick him out without any wages. Poor men like me has got to pay for it. Of course, if they do n't pay, the niggers can't keep themselves, and it 'll come on us. They 'll be cheated all kinds o' ways. Do n't I know it? You mark me, a heap o' them niggers 'll die like rotten sheep."

Walking along the main street the other morning, I met several parties of negro boys and girls with primers in their hands, evidently on their way to school. Turning about in my walk, I followed two grotesque-looking little creatures till I came to the door of a large brick tobacco warehouse or manufactory. Looking in, I saw that it was empty of merchandise, and fitted up with benches as if for a school. The scholars were there also, and two soldiers, to whom I introduced myself, and by whom I was invited to stay and see the school when in session. Both teachers were enlisted men, privates in a Pennsylvania regiment. They were detailed at their own request for this duty. No pay is given them, but while engaged in teaching they are relieved from all camp duties. One was without experience as a teacher, the other told me he had been a schoolmaster before entering the army.

By nine o'clock about one hundred and thirty children, of all ages between three and twenty, were assembled, and the school exercises began. "I want to be an Angel" was sung in clear and pleasant tones, and with great correctness of emphasis and pronunciation. The first stanza and the chorus all the children knew, and the rest of the hymn they sang two lines at a time as the teacher dealt it out to them.

While the singing went on, I amused myself by counting the faces which gave unmistakable evidence of their owners being of mixed blood. There were all tints and shades of yellow among the forty-nine boys present, and I could find but twenty-seven who seemed to me to be purely African. Among the girls the proportion was much the same.

After the singing a chapter of the New Testament was read, and then the

alphabet class recited. They knew their letters backwards and forwards, they could pick out the letters by name, and they could tell which were vowels and which were consonants. I thought they had made rapid progress in the four weeks during which they had been under instruction.

A more advanced class then read a column of a child's paper. One or two of the little girls read exceedingly well. They had been taught, they said, when they were slaves.

In Lynchburg, besides this school, which contains about one hundred and fifty pupils, there is another, taught in the same way, which contains three hundred and fifty more children. It is a pleasant and encouraging sight to see the willingness with which the scholars apply themselves to their lessons, and the very respectable measure of success which rewards their efforts.

It is a sight, too, which has attracted some attention in Lynchburg. The *Republican*, urging upon its readers the importance of providing for the education of their children, speaks of the freedmen's schools, and says, "How utterly important is it that benefits should not accrue through governmental or other philanthropy to these children of a degraded race of which our own are deprived through our culpable neglect and thoughtlessness."

## ENGLAND.—QUESTIONS FOR THE NEXT PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, July 29, 1865.

I WAS somewhat amused in reading in the first number of *THE NATION*, which reached me the other day, a complaint that the week had been barren of events. Lazarus in the same way might have wondered feebly at Dives grumbling that there was nothing he could eat upon his table. If you, with a rebellion only just suppressed, with political trials, confiscations, financial crises, reconstructions, emancipation, and a variety of the vastest social problems in actual solution, complain that there is little stirring, what would you say to us? Never within my recollection as a news-purveyor has there been so little stirring. Our one solitary "*pièce de résistance*"—the elections—is well-nigh bare to the bone. We have served it up hot and cold, grilled and broiled, and hashed and minced and stewed; and now we are eyeing it hungrily, to see if there is enough left upon it for a single meal more. And to-morrow! Ah! insufficient for the day is the meal thereof, and the morrow must take care of itself. Let me see what scraps there are left of electioneering news. The whole tale of six hundred and fifty-eight members has now been returned. Mr. Gathorne Hardy alone amidst his brother senators has been elected for two seats, Oxford and Leominster; but, on the other hand, there has been a tie in the Dumbartonshire election, so that there will have to be a new writ issued, when Parliament next meets, for this remote constituency. Accounts differ as to the proportions in which the new House should be divided between the supporters of the ministry and the opposition; and according to the fairest estimate, the Government will command a majority of upwards of forty votes. The political value of this majority is less easily calculated than its numerical one. The *Morning Post*, of course, assumes that any Liberal may be relied on to support Lord Palmerston, while the *Standard* takes it for granted that any Conservative will always vote with Mr. Disraeli. Both assumptions are equally erroneous. However, I have written to you before about my views as to the composition of the new House of Commons; and till the session opens, which in all likelihood will not be the case till February next, any discussion of this kind is mere guess-work.

Ireland, as usual, has disappointed the anticipations of those who professed to understand her best. Instead of the Tories gaining, as they had expected, in the sister kingdom, they have actually lost seven seats—fifty-six Liberals being returned against forty-eight Conservatives. But whether any definite principle can be adduced to account for this Liberal reaction, is a point about which I can express no opinion. To judge from the returns, the Papal Brigade is less popular in Ireland now than it was seven years ago. Three of its most conspicuous members have been rejected in constituencies where the power of the priesthood was thought to be supreme. Mr. Vincent Scully, who has sat for the county of Cork for many years, was unseated in spite of the fact that he was the recognized champion of the inspection system and the staunch opponent of every proposal for the inspection of religious establishments. Mr. Lever, the nominee of the famous Father Daly, of Galway, the gentleman who declared openly he would vote for any party in Parliament which supported the claims of the Atlantic Mail Company to a Government subsidy, has been turned out of the "Liverpool of the future," as Galway was described by the promoters of the ill-fated packet company; and, strangest of all, Mr. Pope Hennessey is in a minority of six in King's County. Of all the Catholic members in the House he was, more than any other, the representative of the Ultramontane clergy. Unless common report was more mistaken than usual, the late

member for King's County owed everything to the priesthood, not only his seat, but the means of supporting the expenses of a Parliamentary career; yet in spite of the stigma which attached to this suspicion, Mr. Hennessey had worked himself into a recognized position in the House. Having an ungrateful task to perform, he did it gracefully, and whenever he could get on the popular side, consistently with his functions as representative of the priesthood, he did so spiritedly. Throughout the whole of the Polish insurrection he was the recognized Parliamentary champion of the insurgents. He stopped for some time at Cracow during the period when Austria was coquetting with the Poles; he was in constant communication with the Emperor of the French; and, like all political adventurers in this country, he was a warm partisan of the South and closely connected with the agents of the Confederacy. But, in spite of all this, the priests could not secure his re-election. However, he was too valuable an advocate of the Catholic clergy to be long left out in the cold, and, unless I am mistaken, Parliament has not heard the last of Pope Hennessey. Perhaps, however, the oddest incident connected with Irish elections is the return of Mr. Reardon, at Athlone. The new member is an auctioneer and house-agent in Piccadilly, London, somewhat known as a local vestry orator. He was taking a holiday journey through Ireland at the time of the elections, and happening to be at Athlone while the contest was going on, he took it into his head to make a speech at some election meeting or other. His oratory so delighted the men of Athlone that they then and there proposed to return him as their representative, and, on his saying he had no objection, they carried out their idea, and have sent him up to Parliament. Such, at least, is the current story. In the penultimate Parliament an undertaker called Townsend was returned for Greenwich, but his electioneering expenses ruined him, and he resigned his seat after a few weeks, went upon the stage, and played Hamlet, if I remember rightly, as ex-M.P., failed as an actor, and was heard of no more. I trust that Mr. Reardon's fate may be more propitious.

It is, in truth, earnestly to be wished that the Irish members in the new Parliament may be of a class to carry weight by their opinions as well as their votes. There is a general impression in well informed quarters that the "Irish question" will be a very prominent one next session. It would be unjust to assume that Englishmen are in any sense indifferent to the sufferings of Ireland. Our difficulty—I am speaking of the nation without respect to parties—is that we do not know how to deal with her. We have given her the same political and commercial privileges as we enjoy ourselves; and yet we find that the very diet which renders us healthy affords her no nourishment. The one single political privilege enjoyed by Englishmen and not by Irishmen is the right of forming volunteer regiments; but this is simply due to the fact that Irishmen cannot be trusted not to use their arms against each other in party strife. When a mob of Orange electors not only shoot a man dead in cold blood, as they did at Castle Blaney, and then put up triumphal arches to celebrate the event, how can you allow the formation of armed partisan corps? For the last twenty years the popular impression amongst educated Englishmen has been that, having done "justice to Ireland," we had done all in our power to do. We attributed her continued calamities to accidental causes, or to the effect of past misgovernment; but with free institutions and free trade, we felt sure that Ireland's regeneration was a mere question of time. This faith has received of late a severe blow. With all the good-will in the world, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Ireland is becoming depopulated, and all the doctrines of political economy or constitutional freedom cannot convince honest men that there is not something radically wrong in the condition of a country from which the inhabitants fly daily by hundreds. Something must be done; but what that something is, it is not easy to say. The very system which works well here breaks down across St. George's Channel. For instance, the legal relations between landlord and tenant are exactly the same in both countries. Short leases are the custom in England as well as Ireland. Yet with us, as a rule, no landlord thinks of raising the rent year by year whenever there is a little better harvest than usual; and no tenant exhausts the land for the sake of a single crop. Lessor and lessee exercise a kind of mutual consideration, which renders their relations profitable to both. In Ireland, on the other hand, landlord and tenant are engaged in trying which can screw the most out of each other; and the former, having capital on his side, generally gets the best of the bargain. Similar instances might be enumerated by the dozen, in which the self-same institutions that suit the Anglo-Saxon race do not accommodate themselves to the genius of the Celtic.

In fact, of late years, a grave doubt has sprung up amongst thinking men whether our system of doing for Ireland as we do for ourselves is not based upon a fundamental error. This doubt has unquestionably been strengthened by the spectacle of the growth of France beneath the Napoleonic

empire. There is no love in England for Cesarism in itself, any more than there is with you. But still, as a nation, we are, I think, singularly amenable to the logic of accomplished facts. Now no honest observer, be his theories of government or his political predilections what they will, can refuse to acknowledge the fact that a government based on principles antagonistic to our own, founded on a denial of those truths we have been apt to consider as political axioms, has developed the material prosperity and the internal resources of France to a degree which beforehand we should have thought incredible. Imperialism, in fact, has done for France what the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe, framed after our English model, had failed to do utterly. For a long time we refused to believe the evidence of our senses. Can any good come out of the "*coup d'état*?" was our invariable answer to all arguments based upon the increased prosperity of the French empire. But gradually we have come to see that the prosperity created by the empire is, be the cause good or bad, of a solid character; and seeing this, the question has arisen in many minds whether there may not be some resemblance between the remedies required for Ireland and France. No sane man has ever dreamed of establishing a despotism across the Channel; but a great many very sane men have thought seriously whether the fundamental principle of imperialism was not applicable to Ireland. That principle I take to be, that the initiative in all public matters should be taken by the state, not by the individual. In England, as in America, we have found that the system of leaving everything to private enterprise has, on the whole, succeeded admirably. In Ireland it has failed; and there is much to be said in favor of the method of stimulating private industry by state control and assistance. To this view Mr. Gladstone is understood to be a convert. In the next Parliament, as I have before remarked, he will occupy a far more important position than he did in the last; and the idea of regenerating Ireland is one singularly attractive to a mind like his, influenced at once by a strong sense of duty and an extreme ambition for fame. My own impression, therefore, is, that the Tenant Right question, the position of the Irish Church, the expediency of state subventions for public works, will be actively discussed during the course of next session; and that the enormous influence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be exerted in favor of that party which holds that the "*laissez faire*" principle, though admirably adapted for England, is not applicable to Ireland. The advocates of this view will number in their ranks no small proportion of the advanced Liberals. The free trade views of Napoleon III. have won him considerable popularity with the Manchester party. The bitterest critics of the Empire have always been found amongst the Whigs, not amongst the Radicals; and the late Mr. Cobden was one of the staunchest supporters of the doctrine that the Napoleonic government suited the requirements of France. Mrs. Cobden, by the way, has just offered the Emperor a bust of her husband in a letter addressed to M. Chevalier. In this letter she says: "Knowing how firm and true my beloved husband found his Majesty in the great and beneficent work of the treaty of commerce between England and France, I am sure that he will feel a pleasure in recalling to his memory the face of one who fully sympathized with and comprehended all the greatness of France and the French people." The offer, I need scarcely say, was accepted as frankly as it was made gracefully.

Happily for the interests of newspapers, our social budget has been far fuller than our political one. Constance Kent has had her punishment commuted to imprisonment for life with hard labor, and is to be sent as a convict to Tasmania. It is clear now there is to be no further investigation, so that we shall never know in all probability exactly how the famous Road murder was committed. Much annoyance is felt at the obvious miscarriage of our criminal system in elucidating the truth in this memorable case; and it is expected that our criminal law will be altered shortly, so as to give the judge the power of directing a trial to be held even when the prisoner insists on pleading guilty. Yesterday, too, Dr. Pritchard was hung at Glasgow in the presence of the largest multitude—computed at 80,000—ever collected before a British gallows. The chief interest of the case arose from the social position of the murderer; but to lovers of psychological problems there was a sort of fascination about the utter absence of any moral sense in Dr. Pritchard's character. He seems to have been an amiable, kindly man enough in private life, whose only apparent defect was inordinate vanity. But it is clear that when a human life came in the way of his schemes or pleasures, he removed it with as little compunction as ordinary men show in killing an insect that annoys them. There is much reason to suppose that other persons besides his mother-in-law and his wife had been "improved" off the face of the world because they happened to come athwart the path of this strange moral phenomenon. It is characteristic of the man that he died as decorously as he had lived—outwardly.

Murders are subjects of interest everywhere; but there is a description



of social scandals the interest in which always seems to me peculiarly English. When I was in the States, nothing in your papers struck me more than the absence of those full reports of police cases about which the main interest consisted in the social position of the parties inculpated. What may be the cause of this, whether the American newspaper-reading public does not like such highly seasoned reports as our own, whether the fact of social position is of less importance with you than with us, or whether, as I am inclined to believe, the comparative smallness of England and the concentration of our national life in one city makes the personal element of more weight than in the United States, I do not pretend to decide. All I know is, that if ever my evil fate should involve me, however innocently, in what is euphemistically called "an awkward business," I pray sincerely that my critics in the press might be American and not English. These remarks are called for by the fact that our papers have lately been filled with one of those social scandals which possess an especial attraction for the English newspaper-reading public. The other day a young Frenchwoman, obviously belonging to the "half-world" class, died in a quarter of London much affected by ladies of doubtful position. The poor girl died of a miscarriage, brought on, there was reason to suppose, by artificial means. There was nothing, unfortunately, uncommon in this occurrence, and the death of this unknown "waif and stray" of London; and the matter would have dropped if it had not come out that a gentleman of good position had had some connection with the dead girl, and if there had not been some reason to suppose that he might have been privy to the act which led to her death. The case made a considerable noise, and at last it has come out that the gentleman inculpated is a Mr. Mowatt, who represented the borough of Cambridge for many years on extreme Liberal principles. As soon as Mr. Mowatt made his appearance, he explained away satisfactorily enough the suspicions under which he labored. It seems that a couple of years ago, he and the late Lord Clyde—better known to the world as Sir Colin Campbell of the Crimea and India—made the acquaintance of the deceased girl accidentally in Paris, helped her out of some trouble into which she had fallen, and then found her more or less thrown upon their hands. It was clear that both of them had acted kindly and liberally; though whether the interest they took in the girl's fortunes was altogether Platonic, is a point on which opinions may and do differ. Told briefly, this was all; and yet this story, because an ex-M.P. and a man like the late Lord Clyde were in some way mixed up with it, has excited an amount of interest you will perhaps find it hard to understand. All the political events in the world never increase the sale of an English newspaper so much as a good social scandal.

### A CONNECTICUT VILLAGE.

It was founded in 1639, and by a small colony of emigrants from Stratford-on-Avon. This fact alone might well make us respect the place, but there is not a town or village in New England that could better rest satisfied with its many attractions. It stands on the western bank of the Housatonic or Ousatonick River, on a level plain, with the Sound three miles away on the south, the city of Bridgeport a little further off on the west, and with a rolling, rich, well-cultivated, and picturesque country on the north; and although crossed by the line of the New York and New Haven Railroad, is one of the most quiet and lovely villages in the land. Its original name was Cupheag, and an Englishman named Fairchild purchased the land of the Poquanuck Indians, and was the first white man vested with authority over the town. When the purchase was first made, the whole township comprised what have since been known as the towns of Trumbull, Huntington, and Bridgeport, the last of which has become a flourishing city. The price paid for the whole grant is not known, but it is on record that a neighboring tract of land cost ten blankets, six coats, one kettle, and a small assortment of hoes, hatchets, knives, and glasses. It was on account of similar outlays, undoubtedly, that the authorities of Stratford, thirty years after its settlement, voted that the Indians should not be permitted to plant corn anywhere, have their weapons mended by the smith, nor be employed by any citizens to look after "the horses, hogs, and other cattle." The town was named in memory of the English Stratford, is said to have been laid out after the same fashion, and, by those who have seen the two, the American town has been pronounced the more beautiful. The principal street is a mile long, runs north and south, and is intersected by a number of others, all of which are lined by unpretending houses, each one flanked by a handsome garden. The streets are wide, richly carpeted by a green sward, and fringed on either side by regular rows of elm and other trees, which are constantly composing themselves into beautiful pictures; while the rural beauty of the place is greatly enhanced by two or three of those open spaces which the old men of New England love to remember, in connection with their boy-

hood, as the village green. Two handsome churches with graceful spires, and another with less pretension, loom up above the sea of foliage; there is not a tavern in the place, nor any grogeries or drinking saloons; a local newspaper was never dreamed of; and the few shops, whose owners do not deem it necessary to hang out any signs, are stocked with very small and very miscellaneous assortments of merchandise. Birds build their nests in every direction, and their sweet singing may be heard through all the hours of the summer day. Each householder in the town seems to be the possessor of a cow, and these cattle are driven to pasture in the morning, watched during the day, and brought home at sundown by a regular herdsman; and were it not for the occasional whistle of the passing locomotives, the charming quiet of the place would be profound and unbroken.

Two stories are told, illustrative of the repose which reigns in Stratford.

Some years ago a strange gentleman and his wife arrived in the village in their carriage, and after driving from one end of it to the other two or three times without meeting a single person, they became alarmed, and fancied that a plague might have depopulated the place. On further reflection, however, the stranger determined to stop at one of the pleasant houses he saw on every side. He did so, and the sound of the knocker on the door almost startled him with its terrible noise. In due time a lady made her appearance, and was saluted with this question:

"Can you tell me, madam, if this town is inhabited?"

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the lady, "and by way of relieving your anxiety I will mention one fact. The reason why our streets are so quiet is this: the men of the place are all in the fields at work, the children are at school, and the housewives are at home preparing a good dinner for their families." The gentleman thus obtained a new idea, and was satisfied.

The other is as follows: A Stratford gentleman one day entered his house in a troubled manner, pale and fainting, and earnestly called upon his wife and daughters for some camphor or cologne. These things were promptly administered, and after he had fairly recovered his speech, his wife bent over him and said:

"What is the matter with you, my dear?"

To this the invalid replied: "Nothing very serious, I hope, but while passing along Elm Street I actually *saw a man*."

The condition of things in Stratford has somewhat changed during the past few years, but the quiet and repose of the village are still delightful. Many of its native citizens continue to live in the pleasant homes where they were born; others who were tempted to try and obtain fortunes in New York and other cities were successful, and, like men of sterling sense, have returned here to spend their declining years in peace.

That such a town as Stratford should afford anything in the way of romantic personal histories was hardly to be expected, but the subjoined story is authentic as well as interesting. At the commencement of the present century a young man made his appearance in the village, and spent a few weeks at the tavern which then existed to afford shelter to stage coach travellers. Whence he came and what his business, none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and the forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the young stranger. He told his love, said that he was from Scotland, that he was travelling *incog.*, but in confidence gave her his real name, claiming that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married. A few weeks thereafter the stranger told his wife that he must visit New Orleans; he did so, and the gossips of the town made the young wife unhappy by their disagreeable hints and jeers. In a few months the husband returned, but before a week had elapsed he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must at once return to England, and must go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion; the wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and in hope. At the end of that time a letter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to go at once to New York with her child, taking nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for *her home* in England. On her arrival in New York she found a ship splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants ready to obey every wish that she might express. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress of a superb mansion, and, as the wife of a baronet, was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Sterling. On the death of her husband many years ago, the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and the wealth of his fathers, and in the last edition of the "Peerage and Baronetage," he is spoken of as the issue of "Miss Folsom of Stratford, North America." When the late Professor Silliman visited England some years since, he had the pleasure



of meeting Lady Sterling at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her many questions about her birthplace in Connecticut.

If this paper were designed to be a complete history of Stratford, it would be necessary to print many pages about the early struggles and subsequent success of religion in this region. That is out of the question; but, on account of the personal history of one most interesting divine and author connected with it, a passing notice of the Episcopal Church in Stratford is indispensable. It was the first established in Connecticut, and its founder was one who left the Puritans to become an Episcopalian, and whose name was Samuel Johnson. He was born at Guilford, Connecticut, October 14, 1696, where were also born his father and grandfather, both men of distinction and deacons in the Congregational Church, while his great-grandfather, who came from Yorkshire, England, was one of the first settlers of New Haven. He was educated at the College of Saybrook, which subsequently found a permanent resting place in New Haven, and after the change of location, and while only twenty years of age, he became a tutor in what is now known as Yale College; was honored with the degree of Master of Arts; and was the first man who in 1718 lodged and set up housekeeping in the institution. In 1720 he became a preacher of the Gospel, and was settled at West Haven as a Congregationalist. He soon afterwards became the leader of a party of three or four who pioneered their way into the Episcopal Church, and, resigning his charge, he went to England to obtain orders, received from Oxford and Cambridge the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1733 was settled in Stratford as the first regularly ordained Episcopal clergyman in the colony. At first his flock consisted of only thirty families, and the persecutions which he endured from the Congregationalists were almost unparalleled. Some of them went so far as to put chains across their streets to prevent the horrible Episcopalians from going to church, while others would not sell him vegetables and other country produce for the support of his family. His great ability, however, as well as his high character as a man of intellect and a Christian, overcame all these obstacles, and he was triumphantly successful.

On the arrival in this country of Berkeley (the Dean of Derry and Bishop of Cloyne), in 1729, the rector of Stratford became his intimate friend, corresponded with him for many years, introduced his works to the *literati* of America, made him so interested in Yale College, as to secure a present of one thousand valuable books to that institution, as well as a present of ninety acres of land in Rhode Island for its benefit. After a continuous battle of twenty years in behalf of his Church, the University of Oxford conferred upon our rector the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which honor was followed by many kind letters from the best men in England. In 1754, against his own wishes, but because eminent friends told him it was his duty, he accepted the presidency of the newly established Kings College in New York (now Columbia College), where his services were invaluable until 1763, when he returned to Stratford to spend the remainder of his days in ease and leisure. Here he died on the 6th of January, 1772, and lies buried in the grave-yard of Christ church, where two church buildings were erected under his eye, and were the predecessors of the present tasteful edifice occupying the same site. On the monument which commemorates his death are inscribed, after a Latin inscription, the following lines:

"If decent *dignity* and modest mien,  
The cheerful *heart* and countenance serene;  
If pure *religion* and unswerving truth,  
His *age's* solace, and his search in youth;  
If *piety* in all the paths he trod,  
Still rising vigorous to his Lord and God;  
If *charity* thro' all the race he ran,  
Still willing well, and doing good to man;  
If *learning*, free from pedantry and pride;  
If *faith* and *virtue*, walking side by side;—  
If well to mark his being's aim and end,  
To shine through life a *HUSBAND, FATHER, FRIEND*,  
If *these* ambition in thy soul can raise,  
Excite thy reverence, or demand thy praise;—  
*Reader*, ere yet thou quit this earthly scene,  
Revere his name, and be what he has been.

MYLES COOPER."

For a sketch of the life of Doctor Johnson, and an eloquent estimate of his exalted character as the first scholar of the day in America, the reader is referred to a small volume, published in 1805, by Dr. Thomas B. Chandler, of New Jersey, while the subjoined list of his writings will afford an opportunity of estimating his services as an author, viz.: "Plain Reasons for Conforming to the Church;" "Compendium of Logic and Metaphysics"—printed by Franklin; "Demonstration on the Reasonableness and Duty of Prayer;" "Beauty of Holiness in the Worship of the Church of England;" an English grammar, a Church catechism, a Hebrew grammar, an English and Hebrew grammar, and a variety of pamphlets on theological and literary subjects, published between the years 1732 and 1771.

Another man of note associated with Stratford was William S. Johnson, son of Dr. Samuel. He was born here October 7, 1727, graduated at

Yale College in 1744, and was a lawyer of distinction and an eloquent orator. In 1795 and 1785 he was a delegate to the Congress at New York, and in 1776 an agent for the Colony to England, where he formed the acquaintance of many leading men. In 1772 he was judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court and a member of the convention that formed the Federal Constitution. He was also a Senator in Congress from 1789 to 1791; received from Oxford the degree of Doctor of Laws; and from 1792 to 1800 he was president of Columbia College, New York, after which he returned to Stratford, where he died November 14, 1819, and lies buried by the side of his distinguished father.

As allusions have already been made to five generations of the Johnson family of Stratford, it may here be mentioned, for the sake of completeness, that Samuel William Johnson, a lawyer and judge of retired habits, was the son of the senator, and that his son, William Samuel Johnson, is the present representative of the family, who has several brothers to participate with him in bearing the honored name. And this fact brings us (as did the courtesy of that gentleman bring the writer of this chapter) into the Johnson Library of Stratford. This collection numbers between four and five thousand volumes, and seven generations of highly educated men have participated in the labor of bringing them together. It was also enriched by contributions from such men as Bishop Berkeley, Benjamin Franklin, and Samuel Johnson, the great author of England. The several proprietors of this rare and truly precious private library have occasionally given away what we might call a swarm of books, but perhaps the most graceful present of this kind was one of several hundred volumes, printed between the years 1577 and 1791, and presented to Columbia College by the present owner. The collection, as it now stands, is especially rich in theology, the early English classics, the antiquities of England, the Greek and Latin authors, and in its dictionaries, with a rare sprinkling of black letter and Elzevir volumes. Here may also be found several curious editions of the Bible; but perhaps the most curious, interesting, and valuable single volume is the "*Icon Basiliké*;" or, The Works of that Great Monarch and Glorious Martyr, King Charles I., both Civil and Sacred; and Pourtraicture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings." The edition here mentioned was printed at the Hague in 1648, a few days after the death of the king, and hence its especial value. Those acquainted with the work need not be told that the proof is quite conclusive as to its having been the veritable production of the king, though long disputed; that it went through fifty editions in one year; that Hume declares it to have led to the restoration of the royal family; that it was greatly praised even by Milton, the personal friend of Cromwell; that, as the alleged production of the murdered sovereign, it caused an intense interest throughout the world; and that the critics of the time pronounced it the best specimen of English writing then in existence. The man whose taste and learning are chiefly represented by this admirable library was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson. Here it was that, after his return from New York, surrounded by these venerable tomes, he lived the happy and peaceful life of a Christian scholar, and kept up an extensive correspondence with the most learned and eminent men of England and America. And that mass of correspondence, which is still preserved with an elaborate journal kept by Dr. Samuel, may, perhaps, be considered the very cream of the Johnson library. That portion of it bearing upon church history has already been extensively studied by clerical pilgrims from all parts of the land; while that portion which is of a miscellaneous character, addressed to the rector and senator, is quietly awaiting the fate of all unpublished correspondence by men of distinction. From the latter collection, the writer of this article has been permitted to copy three letters by Bishop Berkeley, Benjamin Franklin, and the great Samuel Johnson of England, the reading of which cannot but be interesting, as fresh material bearing upon the characters of the several distinguished writers.

The first of the letters in question, from the Bishop, exhibits the interest which he felt in King's College, New York, as well as the methodical character of his mind:

CLOYNE, August 23, 1749.

REV. SIR:—I am obliged for the account you have sent me of the prosperous estate of learning in your college of *New Haven*. I approve of the regulations made there, and am particularly pleased to find your sons have made such progress as appears from their elegant address to me in the Latin tongue. It must indeed give me a very sensible satisfaction to hear that my weak endeavors have been of some service to that part of the world. I have two letters of yours at once on my hands to answer, for which business of various kinds must be my apology. As to the first, wherein you enclosed a small pamphlet relating to tar-water, I can only say in behalf of those points in which the ingenious author seems to differ from me, that I advance nothing which is not grounded on experience, as may be seen at large in Mr. Pryor's narrative of the effects of tar-water, printed three or four years ago, and which may be supposed to have reached *America*.

For the rest, I am glad to find a spirit towards learning prevails in those parts, particularly *New York*, where you say a college is projected, which has my best wishes. At the same time, I am sorry that the condition of *Ireland*, containing such numbers of poor uneducated people, for whose sake charity schools are erecting throughout the kingdom, obligeth us to draw charities from *England*; so far are we from being able to extend our bounty to *New York*, a country, in proportion, much richer than our own. But as you are pleased to desire my advice upon this undertaking, I send the following hints, to be enlarged and improved by your own judgment.

I would not advise the applying to *England* for charters or statutes (which might cause great trouble, expense, and delay), but to do the business quietly within yourselves.

I believe it may suffice to begin with a president and two fellows. If they can procure but three fit persons, I doubt not the college, from the smallest beginnings, would grow considerable. I should conceive good hopes were you at the head of it.

Let them by all means supply themselves out of the seminaries in *New England*. For I am apprehensive none can be got in *Old England* (who are willing to go) worth sending.

Let the Greek and Latin classics be well taught. Be this the first care as to learning. But the principal care must be good life and morals, to which (as well as to study) early hours and temperate meals will much conduce.

If the terms for degrees are the same as at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, this would give credit to the college and pave the way for admitting their graduates *ad eundem* in the English universities.

Small premiums in books or distinctions in habit may prove useful encouragements to the students.

I would advise that the building be regular, plain, and cheap, and that each student have a room (about ten feet square) to himself.

I recommended this nascent seminary to an English bishop, to try what might be done there. But, by his answer, it seems the Colony is judged rich enough to educate its own youth.

Colleges, from small beginnings, grow great by subsequent bequests and benefactions. A small matter will suffice to set one a-going. And when this is once well done, there is no doubt it will go on and thrive. The chief concern must be to set out in a good method and introduce from the first a good taste into society. For this end its principal expense should be in making handsome provision for the president and fellows.

I have thrown together these few crude thoughts for you to ruminate upon and digest in your own judgment, and propose from yourself, as you see convenient.

My correspondence with patients that drink tar-water obliges me to be less punctual in corresponding with my friends. But I shall always be glad to hear from you. My sincere good wishes and prayers attend you in all your laudable undertakings.

I am your faithful servant,

G. CLOYNE.

The next letter, which has never been published, is from Benjamin Franklin. Like everything he wrote, it is characteristic of the man.

PHILADELPHIA, August 9, 1750.

REV. SIR:—At my return home I found your favor of June the 28th, with the Bishop of Cloyne's letter enclosed, which I will take care of, and beg leave to keep a little longer.

Mr. Francis, our Attorney-General, who was with me at your house, from the conversation then had with you, and reading some of your pieces, has conceived an esteem for you equal to mine. The character we have given of you to the other trustees, and the sight of your letters relating to the academy, has made them very desirous of engaging you in that design, as a person whose experience and judgment would be of great use in forming rules and establishing good methods in the beginning, and whose name for learning would give it a reputation. We only lament that, in the infant state of our funds, we cannot make you an offer equal to your merit. But as the view of being useful has most weight with generous and benevolent minds, and in this affair you may do great service, not only to the present, but to future generations, I flatter myself sometimes that, if you were here, and saw things as they are, and conversed a little with our people, you might be prevailed with to remove. I would therefore earnestly press you to make us a visit as soon as you conveniently can, and in the meantime let me represent to you some of the circumstances as they appear to me:

1. The trustees of the academy are applying for a charter, which will give an opportunity of improving and modelling our constitution in such a manner as, when we have your advice, shall appear best. I suppose we shall have power to form a regular college. 2. If you would undertake the management of the English education, I am satisfied the trustees would, on your account, make the salary £100 sterling (they have already voted £150 currency, which is not far from it), and pay the charge of your removal. Your son might also be employed as tutor at £60, or perhaps £70, per annum. 3. It has been long observed that our church is not sufficient to accommodate near the number of people who would willingly have seats there. The buildings increase very fast towards the south end of the town, and many of the principal merchants now live there, which, being at considerable distance from the present church, people begin to talk much of building another; and ground has been offered as a gift for that purpose. The trustees of the academy are, three-fourths of them, members of the Church of England, and the rest men of moderate principles. They have reserved in the large building a large hall for occasional preaching, public lectures, orations, etc.—It is 70 feet by 60, furnished with a handsome pulpit, seats, etc. In this Mr. Tennent collected his congregation, who are now building a meeting-house. In the same place, by giving now and then a lecture, you might

with equal ease collect a congregation that would in a short time build you a church (if it should be agreeable to you).

In the meantime, I imagine you will receive something considerable yearly arising from marriages and christenings in the best families, not to mention presents that are not unfrequent from a wealthy people to a minister they like; and though the whole may not amount to more than a due support, yet I think it will be a comfortable one. And when you are well settled in a church of your own, your son may be qualified by years of experience to succeed you in the academy; or if you rather choose to continue in the academy, your son might probably be fixed in the church.

These are my private sentiments, which I have communicated only with Mr. Francis, who entirely agrees with me. I acquainted the trustees that I would write to you, but could give them no dependence that you would be prevailed on to remove. They will, however, treat with no other till I have your answer.

You will see by our new paper, which I enclose, that the corporation of this city have voted £200 down and £100 a year out of their revenues to the trustees of the academy. As they are a perpetual body, choosing their own successors, and so not subject to be changed by the caprice of a governor or of the people, and as eighteen of the members (some of them leading) are of the trustees, we look on this donation to be as good as so much real estate, being confident it will be continued as long as it is well applied, and even increased if there should be occasion. We have now near £5,000 subscribed, and expect some considerable sums besides may be procured from the merchants of London trading hither. And as we are in the centre of the colonies, a healthy place, with plenty of provisions, we purpose a good academy here may draw numbers of youth for education from the neighboring colonies and even from the West Indies.

I will shortly print proposals for publishing your pieces by subscription, and disperse them among my friends along the continent. My compliments to Mrs. Johnson and your son, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker, your good neighbors. I am, with great esteem and respect, sir,

Your most humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

To Dr. Samuel Johnson, Stratford.

P.S.—There are some other things best treated of when we have the pleasure of seeing you. It begins now to be pleasant travelling; I wish you would conclude to visit us in the next month at furthest. Whether the journey produce the effect we desire, or not, it shall be no expense to you.

The last of the choice letters to which allusion has been made was written by the author of *Rasselas* to his friend William S. Johnson, the senator. That gentleman received several others from his illustrious namesake (but who was not a relative), all of which have been lost excepting the one now printed for the first time. When written, poor Boswell must have been asleep, as he does not mention it in his microscopic publication. The allusion in the letter to an Arctic sea would have surprised the late Dr. E. K. Kane.

SIR:—Of all those whom the various vicissitudes of life have brought within my notice, there is scarce any man whose acquaintance I have more desired to cultivate than yours. I cannot indeed charge you with neglecting me, yet our mutual inclination could never gratify itself with opportunities; the current of the day always bore us away from one another. And now the Atlantick is between us.

Whether you carried away an impression of me as pleasing as that which you left me of yourself, I know not; if you did, you have not forgotten me, and will be glad that I do not forget you. Merely to be remembered is indeed a barren pleasure, but it is one of the pleasures which is more sensibly felt as human nature is more exalted.

To make you wish that I should have you in my mind, I would be glad to tell you something which you do not know, but all public affairs are printed; and as you and I had no common friends I can tell you no private history.

The Government, I think, grows stronger; but I am afraid the next general election will be a time of uncommon turbulence, violence, and outrage.

Of literature no great product has appeared or is expected. The attention of the people has for some years been otherwise employed.

I was told two days ago of a design which must excite some curiosity. Two ships are in preparation, which are under the command of Captain Constantine Phipps, to explore the Northern Ocean; not to seek the North-east or the North-west passage, but to sail directly north, as near the Pole as they can go. They hope to find an open ocean, but I suspect it is one mass of perpetual congelation. I do not much wish well to discoveries, for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery.

I have been out of order this winter, but am grown better. Can I ever hope to see you again? or must I be always content to tell you that in another hemisphere I am, sir.

Your most humble servant,

SAML. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET,  
London, March 4, 1773.

To Dr. Johnson, in Stratford, Connecticut.

A desultory account of Stratford, like the present, should not omit an allusion to General David Wooster, who was born here in 1711. He graduated at Yale College in 1738, served as the captain of an armed vessel in the Spanish war, as a captain of militia in the expedition against Louisburg in 1745, went to France with a lot of prisoners, and from thence to England, when he received certain honors, served as commandant of a brigade in the

French war, espoused the cause of America in 1764, aided in defending New York, had command of our troops in Canada, where he rendered important services, was subsequently made a major-general of the Connecticut militia, and during a skirmish with the British troops at the time of their incursion to Danbury in 1777, received a shot which terminated his life in a few days. He was a brave officer, an ardent patriot, and a man of the highest integrity and virtue.

But a few additional words must be devoted to the Stratford of the present time. A love of religion and of the intellectual and beautiful seems to permeate its entire population; and although its two leading denominations of Christians were wont to battle valiantly for the cause of truth and prejudice in the olden times, the most perfect harmony now exists between them, and both alike deserve honorable mention for what they have accomplished. To church people alone the history of the Congregational Church is quite as interesting as that of the Episcopal, but the latter had the advantage on the score of general interest on account of its distinguished founder. American literature has also been enriched by two citizens of Stratford now living, viz., Rev. J. Mitchell and J. Olney, Esq. "The Reminiscences of Scenes and Characters of College, by a Graduate of Yale," the work of the former, is an exceedingly well written volume, useful in purpose and full of sound wisdom and Christian feeling. And the same compliment may be paid to his other productions, viz., "Notes from Over the Sea," "My Mother; or, Recollections of Maternal Influence," "Days of Boyhood," a tale entitled "Rachel Kell," and "The New England Churches," in which the subject of Congregationalism is well-nigh exhausted. This gentleman was also for many years editor of the *Christian Spectator* in New Haven, and his books were published anonymously. The School Geographies and Histories of the latter are well known as having acquired an almost unequalled circulation. While the art treasures of the town are not extensive, there are a few pictures here which will be found worth hunting up by men of taste. In the Johnson Library may be found the best portrait extant of Jonathan Edwards, a connection of the family, painted by or copied after Copley; one of Rev. Dr. Johnson, also by Copley; one of Senator Johnson, by Stuart; and a print of Samuel Johnson of England, after Reynolds, which was presented to Senator Johnson by the original, and pronounced by him the best likeness ever executed.

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## Literature.

### LITERARY NOTES.

MR. EVERT A. DUYCKINCK has now in preparation a new edition of "The Cyclopaedia of American Literature." The work has been for some time out of print and in considerable demand, as copies have lately realized at auction an advance on the publishing price. Messrs. C. Scribner & Co. will issue the new edition in the course of the fall. The additional matter required to bring the work down to the present time, that has accrued during the eight or ten years subsequent to the first impression, will be thrown into a supplement, to be obtained, we believe, separately by those who desire to complete their copies. A fine steel portrait of Mr. G. L. Duyckinck, the coadjutor of his brother in the undertaking, lately deceased, is given,



and in compliance with the prevailing taste, a few copies will be printed on large paper for purposes of illustration, etc. The real value of digests like this Cyclopædia is almost more apparent abroad, where sources of knowledge are limited, than at home. The information they contain in regard to the literature of a country like the United States, for instance, is eagerly seized on by librarians, bibliographers, biographers, critics, etc., and the author unconsciously becomes a more potential dispenser of fame than many literary workmen of far higher intentions. The power of a book of reference over its habitual readers is very great—many events and characters have never been able to overcome the effect of a passing sneer or flippant mention in works of this kind. It is matter of congratulation that the task of recording the Fasti of the American republic of letters was undertaken by a scholar who feels as a gentleman and writes with liberal views and enlightened tastes.

—A squabble with their publishers seems to be an indispensable part of the discipline that the lady novelists of our day have to pass through, though, thanks to the growing refinement of the age, it is rarely conducted with the rudeness displayed thirty years since, as when Mr. Colburn, on the day of Lady Morgan's leaving him for a new publisher, advertised all her books at half price by way of revenge for the desertion. The difficulties of the present day have almost invariably arisen from one cause. Most of the authoresses whose names now give currency to fictitious literature, as Miss Braddon, Miss Annie Thomas, Miss Edwards, etc., have been industrious but undistinguished writers in periodical publications before they have achieved the success that at last gives them a name and an envied station among their contemporaries. No sooner is this accomplished than the productions of their immature talent, thrown off in a hurry, "*à vil prix*," for some insignificant magazine, are instantly fished out of their obscurity, luxuriously set forth in leaded type, advertised far and wide as "the new work of the talented authoress of etc., etc." The provocation is doubtless great in such a case, and it must be said the injured parties have been by no means backward in proclaiming their wrongs to a listening world. The latest instance of the kind is a public remonstrance from Miss Edwards, who finds a collection of reprinted stories from "Household Words," that she wished to call with severe humility "Waste Paper," announced as "Miss Carew: a new novel by the author of Barbara's Husband." In this case, the blame is thrown on an irresponsible clerk, and an apology suffices to restore good feeling all around.

—With the great revival that is in progress of the study of American history in all its departments, the French seem suddenly to have woken up to a sense of the important part they once played in the discovery and development of the continent of North America. Though they were doomed to give place to more fortunate if not more adventurous successors, it is in their language that the earliest records of the history of Canada, Western New York, and the North-western Territory generally must be sought; and seemingly late in the day, it is pleasant to find that literary men and publishers are hastening to reproduce, either from rare editions or MSS., the fugitive tracts, pamphlets, etc., that narrate the first steps of the progress that culminates in the creation of a mighty state. The excellent market that the United States offers for works of the kind is probably a stimulus, and a legitimate one, for their production. M. Edwin Tross, of Paris, has done good service in this line as a publisher. In November next he will complete the republication in four volumes of Father Sagard's "Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons, situé en l'Amérique vers la Mer douce (Lake Ontario) es dernier confins de la Nouvelle France." This includes the good Father's Dictionary of the Huron Language, which—ever since Lord Monboddo in the last century discerned its philological value—has been almost unfindable. M. Tross has also reproduced the original narrative of Jacques Cartier's voyage of discovery "aux Isles de Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, et autres," in 1535 and 1536, from the excessively rare edition of 1545. He has now, in addition, in press a volume of inedited documents relating to a still earlier voyage by Cartier in 1534, lately discovered, and now edited from the originals by Alfred Ramé. In this connexion we may mention that proposals have been issued by J. G. Shea, our first scholar in Franco-American history, for a translation of the great work of Father Charlevoix, "History and Description of New France." The only portion ever published in English is the personal narrative, forming less than a third of the work. The remainder, digested from the journals of the missionaries and many sources now no longer extant, has never appeared, except in its original form. The translation will make five volumes octavo, printed in superior style, and, enriched as it is with the annotations of the editor, may be regarded as a complete thesaurus of our early history.

—At a late meeting of the Ethnological Society of London, the inexhaust-

ible antiquarian theme for discussion—Stonehenge—was made the subject of a paper by a distinguished Swedish savant, Professor Nilsson. Having enjoyed the advantage of an acquaintance with the primeval monuments of Scandinavia, he was enabled to take a wider and more enlarged view of the origin of this unique structure and its relation to other prehistoric remains than is usually adopted by English antiquarians. The paper itself, and the debate that followed, give a résumé of the latest theories on the subject, and show conclusively that only negative results have been reached. The popular hypothesis that would connect Stonehenge with the Druids and their rites is almost entirely discarded, and though some still call it a solar temple and look to the Phenicians for its origin, with our knowledge of ancient remains the probabilities daily increase that the monument is sepulchral in its purpose, as in all barbarous and semi-civilized nations the most stupendous works have been erected for the dead, and the energies of the living have found their most earnest expression in this service.

—It is to be hoped that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will soon give us an edition of a new book of Eastern life, "Letters from Egypt," by Lady Duff Gordon. A better companion for Lord Dufferin's capital "Letters from High Latitudes" could not be found. The book is a charming and thoroughly womanly one. Human beings, and not dead antiquities, "the neglected races that come in contact with civilization, only to feel its resistless force and its haughty indifference or contempt," were the objects that engaged the active sympathies of the author of these letters, written (as we learn from the prefatory notice by her mother) under the influence of dangerous disease, in the dreariness of solitude and isolation from all the objects of the dearest affections. Who shall wonder that, approached in this spirit of large humanity, the "soul of goodness" gushed out among the poor Fellaheen responsively to the expansive charity (in its widest sense) of the "Sitt Inkeleezeeyeh," the English lady, requiting her with grateful affection and boundless confidence. The English reviews have been unanimous in their praises of this volume, but they seem not to have recognized in the author one to whom talent should be a hereditary possession, as the daughter of John Austin, the jurist, and Mrs. Sarah Austin, one of the most accomplished women of the day. Lady Duff Gordon is, we believe, an only child. There is what Thackeray might call a fine Amontillado flavor about her married name, derived from her husband's father, the first baronet, who was Consul-General at Cadiz, and head of a mercantile house that for years made the "Duff Gordon" brand-synonymous with the choicest Sherries.

—If the English as a nation retain their former characteristics of inordinate self-satisfaction and conceit, it is not for want of having their faults pointed out to them. The purport of Mr. Ruskin's late volume, "Sesame and Lilies," has been summed up as, "First, the villany and degradation of English people in general; and secondly, the selfishness and frivolity of the English women in particular. His abundant rhetoric runs riot on this theme, and without reprinting the whole volume it is difficult to give an idea of its abounding richness of vituperation. A late painful accident in Switzerland is recalled by a paragraph on the travelling English:

"You have despised nature; that is to say, all deep and sacred sensation of natural scenery. . . . There is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fires; there is no particle left of English land that you have not trampled coal-ashes into, nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops. The Alps themselves, that your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide down again with 'shrieks of delight.' When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of the valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction."

—Victor Hugo is about leaving, it is said, his abode in the Channel Islands to take up his residence in Belgium. His new work, now just ready to put into the hands of the publisher, will be an enduring memorial of his ten or twelve years' domiciliation within sight of the shores of his beloved France—"Les Travailleurs de la Mer." The "Sea Workers" is called in the English papers a novel, but it is said to be more correctly estimated as a view, pictorial, psychological, etc., of the coast life of the Channel Islands, the sole remains of the ancient Duchy of Normandy that continue in the possession of the English crown. Mr. Carleton, the publisher of "Les Misérables," has completed his arrangements for the early issue of "Les Travailleurs" in an English dress. It is worthy of remark, as showing the wide difference of taste existing between the two countries, that the success of "Les Misérables" in England was very slight; only one edition of the translation was printed after a considerable time, and that was anything but a success. Here the sale must have considerably exceeded one hundred thou-

sand copies, and the work proved literally a fortune to its proprietors. Among Mr. Carleton's other novelties, forthcoming in the fall, is a new book by Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie; a "History of the Humbugs of the World," by P. T. Barnum ("he best can paint them who has felt them most"); and a comic pictorial record of a visit to Cuba, in the style of "Brown, Jones & Robinson's Tour," from the pencil of the publisher, himself an amateur artist, whose efforts, hitherto confined to private circles, need not fear comparison with professional rivalry.

—Since it seems Prof. Child's projected edition of Chaucer is not likely to be proceeded with, and the similar style of critical edition, founded on an exhaustive collation of the various MSS. texts, announced by Dr. Earle, Anglo-Saxon professor at Oxford, cannot see the light for a long time, if indeed it is even yet seriously undertaken, it is fortunate for the rapidly increasing number of students in Old English literature that an edition of Chaucer's poetical works may be looked for speedily in Messrs. Bell & Daldy's reissue of "The Aldine Poets." It has been undertaken by Mr. Richard Morris, well known for his able treatises on Early English Dialects and his masterly edition of Hampole's "Pricke of Conscience," "Sir Gawayne," etc. The text will not be an eclectic one, but the best MS. of each poem will be followed, with collations from a few other good MSS. when possible. The glossary will no doubt receive a due share of the editor's attention. Scarcely anything has been done in this department for the special illustration of Chaucer since the days of Tyrwhit, whose work has, of course, no pretensions to represent the progress made in philological studies during the seventy-five years subsequent to its date.

—The recent formation in England, under the highest auspices, of a "Palestine Expedition Fund," is meeting with fair encouragement. The sum already raised and placed at the disposal of the committee is £2,000. It is remarkable that while all our great triumphs over the past have been trophies won by the spade—as witness the resuscitation of Nineveh, Memphis, the Halcarnassean Mausoleum, Pompeii, ancient Etruria, etc.—excavation has never been attempted in Palestine, so far as we have any record, while unquestionably the whole soil is teeming with memorials of the different strata of populations that have succeeded each other in its occupancy. The operations of the society will commence with excavating in Jerusalem, and Captain Wilson, whose remarkable discoveries under the wall of the Temple enclosure have been lately described, and who has lately returned from the East, is engaged on a report of the propriety and feasibility of explorations of this nature. Meanwhile disputes become so hot on the various subjects of controversy, especially the identification of sacred sites, that it will be well if some decisive method of settling the doubtful points is attainable. Mr. Ferguson, who saw at a glance of Mr. Arundel's drawings that the capitals of the columns in the Mosque of Omar could not be Saracenic, but were unquestionably debased Roman, and jumped to the conclusion that the so-called Mosque was Constantine's basilica built over the Holy Sepulchre, does not consider himself sufficiently answered when he is told that ancient remains have always been worked up into more recent buildings, and still persists, in lectures, books, magazines, etc., to advocate his views. His pertinacity has even obtained him command of the important channel of Smith's "Bible Dictionary," in which his hypothesis is set forth as if it was the only one, though not a single writer or traveller besides its author has ever adopted it. An immense number of collateral questions on this and other Biblical topics are now the source of lively discussion, and can only be set at rest by a scientific exploration of the Holy Land, such as we now hope to see performed.

—The remains, or salvage stock, of Mr. George Offor's Biblical library, the destruction of which by fire was mentioned in a late number of our journal, have been sold at a low price to Mr. Stevens, the American book agent. So that, if the restorers and bookbinders can reproduce any of the rescued fragments in a merchantable condition (and wonders have been wrought in this way by skill and taste) American libraries may yet be enriched with some of these unique gems. Ever since the value of books has been recognized, and the critical study of the Scriptures has assumed the proportions of a science, collections of the various forms in which the sacred writings have appeared have always engaged the time and attention of the curious. The grand ducal library of Wirtemberg, at Stuttgart, has generally been considered to be the most copious existing in this department. Eighty years ago it was stated to possess over nine thousand different editions of the Bible. The best known modern collectors in England have been the Duke of Sussex, whose library was more extensive than choice or select, and was dispersed after his death; Mr. Lea Wilson, a London merchant, who pursued the study of the various English versions with far greater accuracy than had ever before been attempted, and wrote the best account of them in a valu-

able catalogue that now sells for about ten guineas—his library came into the hands of Mr. Pickering, and was divided among his customers; Rev. Christopher Anderson, author of "Annals of the English Bible," who had amassed a curious collection, with small means, by entire devotion to one subject: it was sold by auction at his death; Mr. George Offor, before-mentioned; and Mr. Francis Fry, of Coatham Tower, near Bristol. Mr. Fry's collection is the only one of those above-named that remains entire. He is known by several beautiful publications connected with Biblical pursuits—one of them a verbatim and literatim fac-simile of William Tyndale's first English Testament, a volume of several hundred pages, and perhaps the largest and most beautiful fac-simile ever published. American collectors are fortunate in coming after these pioneers of the study. The library of Mr. James Lenox, in particular, can show numerous spoils from each of the above-mentioned sources, and certainly exceeds any one of them in value and extent. Like all other pursuits, the more it is studied, the more inexhaustible appear the varieties of Biblical bibliography. The constantly recurring notices of a "very old Bible" that run through the country papers in a dull season, show how natural and deeply rooted are feelings of curiosity on the subject.

—Competitive examinations are now the gates through which all the civil and military employes of the English Government must pass, and the general prevalence of the system must shortly change the long accepted current plans of education. Already it has a literature of its own—books constructed, as its enemies aver, for the purpose of "cramming" the memory of the candidate with the greatest number of facts at the least possible expenditure of time and intellect. A report by Dr. Dasent (the well known Scandinavian scholar) on the examination of candidates for admission to the Royal Academy, Woolwich, gives some insight into the working of the system. The applicants were between the ages of 16 and 19, belonging to the upper classes of society, and of superior average intelligence—the greatest number of marks for proficiency being given for Greek and mathematics. Yet in modern history, the transactions of the last thirty or forty years, which every one is supposed to be familiar with, the ignorance displayed was astounding. Dr. Dasent says: "One of my questions asked for information respecting the Princess Charlotte, Prince Leopold, Lord Liverpool, and Daniel O'Connell." The Princess Charlotte was usually supposed to be the wife of George IV., and Prince Leopold was every one but himself; as to Daniel O'Connell, to most of the candidates, and even to those of his own country, he was a thoroughly mythical personage—he was generally confounded with Mr. Smith O'Brien, and made to die in exile after having risen against the Government and being captured in a cabbage garden. To some he was a great Orangeman in the time of William III.; one youth boldly identified him with St. Patrick, and declared he had expelled snakes from Ireland! Such is fame to the rising generation. A curious ethnological fact is said to have been the result of competition. It is well known that in many branches of the service, and particularly in India, Scotchmen have long had a monopoly of Government offices, through family connexions, etc. At competitive examinations the happy constitutional audacity of the Irish character, which dashes right or wrong at an answer, is said to carry the day against Scotch caution, fearful of committing itself, and the proportion of successful candidates of the two nations is gradually changing in favor of the former.

#### ST. PHILIP'S.\*

THE evangelic admonition against putting old wine into new bottles seems to have almost entirely faded from the minds of the popular writers of the present day. Were this the whole extent of the transgression, we could swallow the draught with tolerable equanimity. But when we open the new bottle with the fresh label warranting the contents to be a superior article of the favorite brand, we find only a hurriedly concocted mixture, compounded of the lees left in the old bottles with much water and the acrid results of their earliest attempts at wine-making. There are but very few authors, who have come into notoriety within the last ten years, whose literary career is not a striking example of the rhetorical figure called anti-climax; few who have not taken advantage of the cordial reception of one well-matured work to thrust down the public throat some of the immature essays on which they had before practised their pen. There is hardly any position, we know, so beset with temptations as that of a successful author. Vanity is continually urging him to new efforts to retain the attractive honors of a place in the public mouth; the proverbial itch of composition has become a settled malady, and will not let him sleep; enterprising publishers,

\* "St. Philip's. By the Author of Rutledge." New York. Carleton. 1865.



whose patronage ensures large sales and commendatory notices from two-thirds of the public journals, assail him with dazzling offers for "something from his gifted pen." But if the conscientious earnestness of the artist will not enable him to resist these enticements, at least common sense ought to tell him that an author's reputation, like a good many other things, will not bear too much handling.

To the provoking class of books which are produced in this way belongs *St. Philip's*. It is a work hastily manufactured for the summer market, to be sold by the aid of the author's reputation and the publisher's influence, and must be disappointing to all who have read the former works from the same pen, and who had hoped on taking this one that they might find in it the unequal excellences of its predecessors here harmoniously combined and their suggestive promises fulfilled. In its characters, scenes, and plot it is principally a weak repetition of "*Rutledge*." The nameless heroine of that work, the wilful and perverse young brunette, in the author's third work christened Frank, here does service again under the name of Madeline. In *Dr. Catherwood* we recognize our old friend Mr. Rutledge, and the Victor of *Rutledge* has been mercilessly severed in twain, and as the fashionable adventurer and forward rival is called Colonel Steele, while as the murderer to be concealed by the heroine, and by his death to remove all the impediments to the course of true love, he is named Julian.

The characters have, indeed, had their outlines made more definite, and are kept in more stable equilibrium than in "*Rutledge*," but possess little power or range, and are commonplace in kind. Even if the author had to compose in so great haste, and had so exhausted her stock of characters that she could give us nothing new for hero or heroine, it seems to us that at least she might have had the discretion to choose for production characters with which we are all less familiar. We would respectfully suggest not only to the author of "*Rutledge*," but to the authors of the present day in general, that a heroine who was *not* sweet seventeen, all unsophisticated in the ways of the world, yet painfully mature intellectually, and a hero *not* twice said heroine's age, deep, grave, imperturbable, with his past history invested with a tantalizing mystery, would have, if nothing else, the spice that is afforded by variety. The old doctrine of the Pythagoreans, that the souls of men migrate from body to body, assuming a new name and fleshly habiliment as soon as their career in one is finished, though long discarded by the rest of mankind, seems yet in these latter days to have been adopted by the novel writers. In almost every new story that we take up we recognize several old acquaintances whom we have seen "wooded and married and a" long ago, now brought out from the waters of the literary Lethe perfectly rejuvenated, and in the thinnest of disguises, little more than a new surname often, commencing their devious courses again, utterly untutored by all their past experience. Pythagoras himself, it is said, on beholding the ancient armor of Euphorbus, recognized them as his own old weapons, and recalled the deeds he had done in front of Troy five hundred years before. So, we fancy, the hero of "*St. Philip's*," reading the novels of the last twenty years, from "*Jane Eyre*" downwards, might be able to identify himself under some score of *aliases*, and count up a whole harem of young maidens, heiresses and orphans, blondes and brunettes, whose hearts and hands he had successively charmed away into his own keeping; and we are very sure that he must by this time have become intensely tired of the monotony of continually making his *entrée* on the scene as "a solitary horseman riding slow and thoughtfully along by the light of the moon" (*vide* p. 22), and must think that whatever romantic charm that mode of introduction may have had at first, has now disappeared.

The scenes and incidents of *St. Philip's* are pretty much the same as in the author's former works—a party, a *fête champêtre*, runaway horses, a rescue, and so forth. Several of these retain the old vigor of description, and are the best parts of the book. The conversation, however, is almost entirely destitute of the spirit and somewhat elaborate point which characterized it in the author's previous books, and generally preserves a safe tameness and matter-of-fact character, varied chiefly by two or three passages of the silliest chatter about dress, admirers, and intended conquests that we have ever had the misfortune to read or hear, and by two or three attempts at heart-rending pathos resulting only in bathos.

The plot of *St. Philip's* shows the same marks of haste as the rest of the book. It is loose and ill-jointed, and to get along with it at all the author is driven to most amusing chronological shifts. However commonplace *St. Philip's* may be in other respects, in its chronology it certainly possesses distinction. It is a curious refutation of the favorite argument of a certain school of historical critics, that the author of any fictitious work, having entire control over the events which he himself creates, would be sure to avoid or rectify all palpable contradictions in dates or numbers, and that such contradictions, paradoxical as it may seem, are really evidences of the authenti-

city and uncorrupted character of the narrative. On page 43, the heroine is stated to have received an invitation to a certain party on a fine July day when the orchard trees were full of fine fruit. Six weeks pass away, yet still it is only a July day, the third Sunday after Trinity. (*vide* pp. 82 and 88.) On page 109, the party is stated to have taken place on the 18th of June. Suppose that in the former statement July was a misprint for June, and that the apples were unusually early, yet (as may be seen by consulting a book not particularly rare, and with which an author so intensely High Church as the author of "*Rutledge*" and "*The Sutherlands*" ought to be familiar, viz., the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church) the latest day on which Trinity Sunday can fall is the 20th of June; the third Sunday after Trinity cannot then be later than the 11th of July, while six weeks after the 18th of June brings us to the 30th of July, and six weeks before the 11th of July carries us back into May.

The child Julian's age fares still worse. It is knocked backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock, to suit the exigencies of the story. On page 9 it is stated that his mother was only married ten years before, and two years after that period he is only eleven; but on page 143, in the course of the same summer, Dr. Catherwood, who turns out in the sequel to be his father, declares that he is fourteen, though he fails to explain how he suddenly became three years older in the course of as many months. Eleven pages further on, the same authority puts his age back to twelve; but after the lapse of only three years he is found to have attained the age of seventeen. On page 41 the heroine is six years older than Julian; but when Julian has reached seventeen the heroine is only a little over twenty (p. 252). We have, indeed, known several young ladies in actual life who by their own statements about their age ceased to grow any older after they had reached the age of twenty; but we were always somewhat suspicious of the reality of the phenomenon; but when an authoress makes her heroine, whom she holds up to admiration as a shining example of truth and simplicity, also cease to increase in years at the same identical period of life, we confess that our scepticism commences to give way.

Thus far we have given only the defective side of the book. Its style, though somewhat bare and stiff, is with slight exceptions simple and direct. Its dissertative passages are excellent, and its moral tone thoroughly pure and healthy. It will not compare unfavorably with many of the books annually turned out to fill up the spare hours of travellers and watering-place idlers without exciting an uncomfortable amount of either feeling, thought, or interest. But it is very much below the level of the author's former works, and the custom, of which this book is a very plain example, of writers using their literary reputation not as a spur to higher achievements, but as the means of extracting money and attention from the public, publishing whatever mental patchwork they may choose to baste together, is becoming so common as richly to deserve reprobation.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*A View at the Foundations.* By Woodbury M. Fernald. (William V. Spencer, Boston.)—The remainder of the title is more explicit of the aim of this treatise: "First causes of character, as operative before birth, from hereditary and spiritual sources." We have here a most important subject discussed in a pure and deeply earnest spirit, and in language carefully chosen and unobjectionable. It is no drawback that the author writes from a religious motive; he would be unfit for his task unless he did; but he has lessened the popular attractiveness of his book—we mean among the virtuous and right-minded—and, we think, weakened his argument also, by a metaphysico-theological investigation of the nature of the soul. It requires a special training and a peculiar cast of intellect to comprehend or even to study with satisfaction the doctrines of Swedenborg, whose stock-words frequently have to be left in their original Latin because no single English word or moderate paraphrase can express the ideas which they embody. The physical argument, on the other hand, is sufficient. The anatomist, the physiologist, the phrenologist, concur in depicting the miseries which arise from the abuse of the parental functions and relations. When jails and idiot and insane asylums show us the wreck of the dwelling of the soul, it is needless to enquire the nature of the immortal inmate before concluding that it suffers a corresponding ruin. What Mr. Fernald has written, however, deserves well to be read and pondered by those to whom he has dedicated it—"all the married, but particularly those who contemplate entering that holy union."

*Photographic History. The War for the Union.* (E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., New York.)—These specimens of photography, designed for the stereoscope, are among the clearest and best that we have seen. A dozen that lie before us bring up vividly some of the most prominent scenes in the drama of the late rebellion. Here are alike the instruments of ruin and the ruin itself—views from the cradle and views from the grave of secession. The sea-face of Fort Sumter, a battered cathedral in Charleston, the desolate walls of fire-ravaged Richmond, stand out with lamentable distinctness. Here is a Union battery preparing for action; in these three pictures are the bodies of fallen rebels as they lay when Petersburg was taken by storm. A shell,



dropping into the water of the Dutch Gap canal, has raised a mist which is preserved for us on paper long after it has evaporated from the living air. From Lookout Mountain we survey the Chattanooga Valley. St. John's church, Richmond, is where Patrick Henry said: "If this be treason, make the most of it." But he was thinking of that rebellion to tyrants which is obedience to God.

*The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1864.* Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs, Public Documents, Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)—It is difficult to criticize a publication of this kind, for the reason that there is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, any invariable standard by which to measure its success. Nobody who has not put himself in the position of the editor can say what ought or what ought not to have been recorded, due consideration being had to the capacity of the volume to be produced. Faults of detail, errors and inaccuracies of greater or less proportions, are doubtless discoverable, but one may spare himself the trouble of looking for them: they were inevitable. We can afford to be grateful that, with all the omissions that may be remarked, so much of what is valuable has been collected within moderate compass, and that there is a general accuracy which may be trusted implicitly. The utility of this excellent register is too apparent for praise. A few of the titles will indicate its scope: Army operations; Confederate and United States Congresses; geographical explorations and discoveries; commerce; literature and literary progress; patents, etc., etc. Every State appears in alphabetical order. The obituary includes the distinguished dead of all nations. The engravings, chiefly portraits, without being remarkable, add something to the worth of the "Cyclopædia."

*The White Mountain Guide Book.* Fifth edition. (Edson C. Eastman, Concord, N. H.; D. Appleton & Co., New York.)—Mr. Eastman's manual has established its superiority over every rival, and is as likely to reach a fifteenth as a fifth edition. A railroad and a topographical map are given to aid the traveller from a distance and the explorer on the spot.

*Mitchell's New School Atlas.* *Mitchell's New School Geography.* By S. Augustus Mitchell. (E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.)—These books we take to be at least as good as any of their kind now in use in our public schools. The original editions were for a long time favorite with the teachers of the East, and may be yet, for aught we know. We notice that, except for an allusion to the census of 1860, there is nothing in the geography by which one could learn that slavery ever existed in the United States. Indeed, in describing the population of each State, the people of color are ignored altogether. Mr. Mitchell may have meant to know only Americans henceforth. A pronouncing vocabulary in the atlas is a new and valuable feature.

*A Book of Golden Deeds of All Times and All Lands.* Gathered and narrated by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." (Sever & Francis, Cambridge.)—The "Golden Treasury Series" is still further enriched by this elegant compilation, made, as the preface informs us, for youth and for the intelligent but uninstructed classes of the people. It is written in pure and easy English, and is well adapted for reading aloud in the family. The title is not too comprehensive. The stories of Alcestis and Antigone in the past to which no date can be exactly assigned introduce the golden deeds which are to terminate in Australia in 1864. Classic, mediæval, and modern anecdotes are arranged chronologically, and are borrowed from the four quarters of the globe. The conception and execution of this book are in every way creditable to editor and publisher.

*The Words of the Lord Jesus.* By Rudolf Stier, D.D. Vol. I. (N. Tibbals, New York.)—This exegesis of the sayings of Jesus is a reprint from the English translation of the original German, made some ten years ago. It is a very elaborate, analytical work, of great popularity among the author's countrymen, and sufficiently so in its present guise to warrant its introduction into this country. It has been revised by two very competent American editors. The volume before us contains "our Lord's first words, and the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke specially." Its place is alike in the household and the study.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*AFFIXES IN THEIR ORIGIN AND APPLICATION*, exhibiting the Etymologic Structure of English Words. By S. S. Haldeman, A.M.—*A SYSTEM OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY.* By S. Augustus Mitchell.—*MITCHELL'S MODERN ATLAS.* E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

*THE WHITE MOUNTAIN GUIDE BOOK.* Fifth edition. Edson C. Eastman, Concord, N. H. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

*DIARY OF A SOLDIER AND PRISONER OF WAR IN THE REBEL PRISONS.* Written by Eugene Forbes. Murphy & Bechtel, Trenton, N. J.

*THE SAFEGUARDS OF PERSONAL LIBERTY.* An Address by Hon. Wm. D. Kelley. Philadelphia.

*THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE.* By S. Newhouse. Oneida Community, Wallingford, Conn.

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**CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.**

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>\$414,729 18</b>
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	\$134,673 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,042 34
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 26
<b>PRESENT LIABILITIES</b>	<b>\$15,965 92</b>
<b>NET SURPLUS</b>	<b>\$398,763 26</b>

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against  
DISASTER BY FIRE  
At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

**PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,**  
pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

**(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)**  
of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

**FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,**  
the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.  
The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

**NOTE.**—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.

**FINANCIAL REVIEW.**

SATURDAY A.M.

THE business of importation during the week has been very active, and that of exportation has more than doubled on the previous week's return of domestic produce shipped abroad. The declared value of the latter is \$3,850,000. The receipts of cotton, which were over 15,000 bales last week, closely approach 18,000 bales this week. The amount of gold paid into the Treasury for customs during the week is nearly two and a half millions. It is believed that the Secretary of the Treasury has disposed of a million and a half of this sum in the open market at 143½ to 144½ per cent., since when the price of gold has fallen to 141 to 140½ per cent. The Secretary will pay out next week \$10,950,000 for interest in currency on the first series of \$300,000,000 of the 7.30 loan. This sum is taken out of his customs revenue, which is collected exclusively in gold, at a cost of not over \$7,500,000, thus reducing the actual gold charge on the 7.30 currency loan to 5 per cent. per annum.

The gold speculation through the week has been sustained with more difficulty than on the previous report, and on Thursday the market gave way two per cent.—down to 142 per cent.—and yesterday one and a half per cent. additional. The abundance of gold among the brokers is the alleged cause of this weakness, but the presumption is fair that the recent combination to put up the price to 150 per cent. has failed because it had no support in the shape of an export demand, and very little from the large daily demand to pay customs, because of the sales from the Treasury Office. These sales have been conducted with great circumspection, and without the direct agency of the gold brokers, but they have not the less answered the double purpose of supplying the Government with ten millions of interest money, and of checking the upward speculation in gold, which had evidently been based on the calculation that the Government would continue to accumulate gold through its large July and August customs revenue, until the supply in the open market could be fairly "cornered" upon the importing merchants, and controlled by the "cornerers" in the gold exchange.

The price of money is firm at 7 per cent. to the brokers and 7 to 9 per cent. on mercantile paper. There is no great difficulty experienced by borrowers at these rates.

Exchange on London has stiffened up to 108½ to 109 per cent. for gold, and was in fair request yesterday for this day's steamers. The Government 5-20 bonds continue to be transmitted abroad, although the London quotations by the last steamers more closely approximate the New York market than during the previous fortnight. Here the demand has kept up the price to about 106 per cent.

Some uneasiness about the management of the city banks is created by the development of a large fraud on the Phoenix Bank, involving over a quarter of a million of dollars. The unfavorable phase of the affair is, that one of the tellers and at least one of the clerks of the bank had for nearly two years been engaged in this robbery, although the chief deficit has probably

occurred since the petroleum speculation, now happily drawing to its end. The outside adventurers, who foisted most of the "Oil Regions"—so called without reference to whether the lands capitalized at enormous figures were likely to yield oil or not—on Wall and William Streets, appear to have found their most credulous victims among the bank, insurance, and brokers' offices down town. They were not only able to get the use of the names of presidents, cashiers, secretaries, etc., as directors or promoters of their schemes, but, by the force of such examples, to crowd their worthless scrip on tellers, clerks, etc., who were really unable to indulge in, much less lose by, the speculation. It is scarcely fair to assume, however, that the loss of the Phoenix Bank implies similar wrong-doing in many other moneyed corporations, but the developments of carelessness or neglect or incompetency in this instance are calculated to impair confidence in the stability of large bank dividends and the reality of large bank "surpluses."

**UNITED STATES SECURITIES.**

The market has ruled very steady through the week. The price of old U. S. 5-20s comes 2 per cent. lower from London, but as previous difference, gold and exchange being counted, was from 5 to 6 per cent., the price here has not given way. The bonds are not over-abundant in New York, and the other Atlantic cities are being drawn upon for a fresh supply. More than half the coupon bonds (\$395,000,000) of the original issue is now believed to be owned abroad; but this may be an extreme estimate. The registered certificates of the same issue, \$119,000,000, are all owned at home. The sales of coupons here are at 106 to 106½ per cent.; the second issue, 104½ to 104¾ per cent. The 6 per cents of 1881 are 106½ to 107 per cent.; the 10-40s, 97 to 97½ per cent., the same as last Saturday.

The 7.30 per cents are ½ to ½ per cent. weaker than last week, 99 per cent. and interest. The indebtedness certificates are steady at 97½ to 97½.

**STATE SECURITIES.**

Tennessee has improved to 72 to 72½ per cent. Missouri continues dull. There is not much doing in other descriptions.

**RAILWAY SECURITIES.**

The New York Central has a small loan for the Albany Bridge, about \$200,000, in 7 per cent. convertible bonds, at 102½ to 103 per cent. The Morris and Essex Company have a 7 per cent. mortgage on the market at par. The other bonds are steady in price, but not active.

Erie shares have been selling this week *ex dividend*. The fluctuations have been from 84 to 89, and back to 86 to 86½ per cent. New York Central has declined from 93 to 92½; Reading from 107 to 106½; Michigan Southern, 66½ to 65½; Pittsburg, 71 to 70½; North-west advanced from 28 to 30, and then fell off to 28½; North-west Preferred, 63½ to 64½ to 62½; Fort Wayne, 97½ to 97; Rock Island, 108½, same as last Saturday. The railway shares generally dull at close of week.

**MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.**

Atlantic Mail has suddenly declined to 145 per cent. Canton, Cumberland, Mariposa, and Quicksilver are steady, but without much speculative movement. Brunswick Land Company has been up to \$13, but is now \$11.

**GOLD AND EXCHANGE.**

Gold is 141½; bills on London 108½ to 108½ for gold.

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